

REPORT FROM IRELAND

By William Bayles

SEX IN THE ARMY

By Irwin Ross

DECEMBER 1941

The American Mercury



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THE CONTRIBUTORS

BACK in London after several weeks in Ireland, WILLIAM BAYLES has sent to America the first comprehensive report on the Green Isle since the war began. Bayle: examinations of peoples and countries have become familiar to American magazine readers during the decade in which he has roamed Europe as a free-lance journalist. He will be remembered by MERCURY readers for his article, *Living in Germany Today*.

ERNEST O. HAUSER is the author of *Shanghai*, *City For Sale*, and the more recent *Honorably Enemy*. Hauser recently returned from the West Coast, where he studied the *Nisei* and their problems.

The distinguished medical career of MIL ATKINSON begins with his education at St Bartholomew's Hospital, London. He practiced on the House Staff, then privately in London and in Bath, served with the BEF, qualified as a member of the Royal College of Surgeons in 1917, and was awarded the College's Jacksonian Prize in 1926. He came to America five years ago and is now surgeon to the Out-Patients' Department of Otolaryngology, New York Hospital, as well as an Associate Otolaryngologist of Welfare Hospital.

JOHN D. WEAVER resigned from the Kansas City *Star* a year ago, went to California and began writing a first novel about Virginia which will be published shortly by Macmillan under the title *What Branches Grow*. Born in Washington, D. C., Weaver grew up in Virginia. He now lives in Los Angeles, where he is planning a second novel and is hard at work on more short stories.

IRWIN ROSS graduated from Harvard in 1940. He is now Publications Secretary of the Inter

national Student Service and edits that organization's new magazine, *Threshold*. His articles have appeared in the *New Republic*, *Harper's* and *Decision*.

HERBERT ASBURY has uncovered a rich new vein of Americana in his forthcoming book, *The Golden Flood*, subtitled "An Informal History of America's First Oil Field," to be published by Alfred A. Knopf. His contribution to the *MERCURY* this month is a chapter from that book.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD is one of America's great liberals, who championed "lost causes" as managing owner of the *New York Evening Post*, and from 1918 to 1932 as editor of the *Nation*.

HANS HABE is author of the current best-seller *A Thousand Shall Fall*. An Austrian journalist who fought with the French and escaped from the Nazis, he is now in this country, at work on a novel.

THOMAS CRAVEN, Kansas born, began as newspaper reporter, went on to be a railway night clerk, a university instructor, author, lecturer, art critic, book reviewer and freelance writer. He is recognized as one of the country's foremost art critics and has long been a champion of American art.

MAX EASTMAN is probably the best informed American on radical philosophies and movements in this country. One of the original editors of the *Masses* and later the *Liberator*, he championed the Russian Revolution in its earlier, more idealistic stage. Becoming increasingly more disillusioned and critical, his latest books and articles have urged a complete reevaluation of Marxist economic and political values.

SHOP TALK: Lloyd Emerson Siberell, writing about literary columnists in his Cincinnati magazine *Imprimatur*, calls ALAN DEVOE "the nearest thing to Burroughs or Thoreau that we have. . . . A man who knows and loves and understands both nature and man; a true rustic philosopher. . . ."

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The American MERCURY

REPORT FROM IRELAND

BY WILLIAM BAYLES

IRISH soldiers in olive uniforms almost too smart for war patrolled the Dublin airport. "What would they do if the Germans arrived?" I asked the officer as a squad marched past. "Some of them would take off their uniforms and grab a pitchfork so the Germans wouldn't guess they were soldiers," he said with a laugh, "but most of them would fight like hell." "How do they feel about the war?" I inquired. He thought for a moment. "I'd say most of them are less anti-British than anti-German," he replied, "but they are all so damned pro-Irish that I'd hate to be an invader."

At Dublin's Gresham Hotel in broad O'Connell Street, seven priests were sitting on its verandah reading their morning prayers. Be-

hind the awesome black front they presented, life moved leisurely and softly, because everything is soft in Ireland — the contours of the rolling uplands, the green of the landscape, the voices of the people, their laughter, even the water. Communion breakfasts were in progress in the main dining room and a wedding party was leaving the lounge amidst a shower of confetti and torrent of blessings. Outside, to the skirl of pipes, a be-draggled procession of youngsters marched up the street behind a banner reading, "If you are Irish, be Irish, speak Irish." The banner was written in English. "'Tis a pity they bother," remarked a priest, looking up from his prayer book. "For truth, we spoke more Irish when it was forbidden." "Right

you are, Father," a portly Irishman replied. "If this keeps on, 'tis soon they'll have us illiterate in two languages." Both laughed. Of the few cars in the street, the majority bore the "CD" of the Diplomatic Corps and the makes were German, Italian and American. About the entire street scene was the air of indifferent tranquillity I had also noticed in Amsterdam . . . in the winter of 1939-40.

The swastika and Fascist tricolor wave with defiant persistence over German and Italian legations in Dublin, but the Union Jack is absent. In fact, there is no British Minister in Eire, only a "British Representative" who moves about in restricted circles and is rarely present at official functions. The government press prints the Axis war communiqués before the British. The Irish radio is free to criticize England but no word may be broadcast against the Axis. German films are shown in Dublin theatres but *British War News* and even *March of Time* are invariably banned by the censor.

Yet 80 per cent of Eire's inhabitants are pro-British and the elation over a British success such as the sinking of the *Bismarck* is more vociferous in Dublin than in London. Eire's prime-ministerial mystic, Eamon de Valera, wants

Britain to win and several of his Cabinet members have admitted publicly that Eire's future lies in a British victory. Young society girls collect for Spitfire funds in Dublin's streets while wearing RAF wings for brothers who are flying for Britain. Neutral Eire's war effort already includes an estimated 150,000 of her sons in the British forces and as many more in British factories and establishments. At practically any frontier station can be seen groups of young men waiting to cross. The average, even at remote stations, is about twenty a day and the monthly average has been estimated at six thousand. Irishmen from the south have already died by the hundreds for Britain, but no word of this appears in the Irish press, which may not even print casualty lists. When Eire's most famous footballer was killed recently, the Dublin papers were permitted to report his death but could not say that he had been shot down in his Spitfire over France. Dublin urchins playing war are always "Nazis" and "British" and the Nazis invariably take a drubbing.

This is what Irishmen mean when they say they are neutral, because today one issue dominates all others in Eire: neutrality. On it both the government and opposi-

tion are agreed. Irish mothers who are proud to have their sons fighting in British forces believe firmly that Eire should remain neutral. Involvement, they are convinced, would bring swift and terrible attacks by the Germans with widespread destruction and consequent economic chaos to a country too poverty-stricken to survive them. Nor does any Irishman believe that Britain would assist in post-war reconstruction. Rather, she would pick up the shattered remains and re-incorporate them.

Throughout Eire there is an almost psychopathic fear of Nazi bombs. To keep this fear aglow, the Germans scattered bombs over Dublin. The reaction of the government and population was one of bowing pathetically to the inevitable. A weak protest was made in Berlin. Due to what Irishmen believe was British and American refusal to supply her with defense equipment, Eire does not possess a single modern fighter plane or anti-aircraft gun, nor does she have an armaments industry of her own. Her army, numbering about 150,000, is well-uniformed and drills with Prussian precision but until twenty thousand rifles were recently received from the United States, there was not a rifle for each soldier. Her leaders do not believe

England could protect her from German air attacks or even invasion.

Added to these considerations are the grievances. The cockles of the average Irishman's heart smoulder with at least seven hundred years of grievances. Irishmen cannot forget that 350,000 of them fought for democracy in the World War, that their casualties were enormous, and that their reward was post-war repression. The democracy they attained through years of struggle, they say, was followed by economic warfare that left the country on the brink of starvation. These, Irishmen believe, are all reasons for remaining neutral. But in practice their neutrality is towards one power only — Germany. It is neutrality based on fear — fear of Nazi revenge should Ireland side publicly with England even in sympathy. On the other hand, they fear nothing from Britain because they *know* the English but have only *heard* about the Germans. A visitor gets the impression that in their efforts to be neutral the Irish are leaning precariously near waiting Axis arms.

II

With neutrality, ports and partition in mind, I called on Eire's

Prime Minister. Escorted past the sentry at the door and two sets of policemen by the official government spokesman and de Valera's right-hand man, keen-witted Frank Gallagher, I mounted the winding marble staircase of Dublin's Government Building to a frosted glass door bearing in Gaelic script the words, "*An Taoiseach*" (pronounced tee-shack). We waited in a reception room whose walls were decorated with replica copies of the Declaration of Independence and the United States Constitution. In one corner was a large bronze statue of Abraham Lincoln, which, according to its bronze plaque, was presented to *An Taoiseach* by John MacCormack in 1937.

Frank Gallagher was turned out for the occasion with true Irish pomp in striped trousers, black coat, winged collar and pearl tie pin. He fluttered in and out of the room, returning finally to announce, "Now it is time. You are going in."

Mr. de Valera rose from his desk with a friendly smile and greeted me with a firm handshake. A tall, rugged man in black, with a seamed, sunburnt face, he was less gaunt than I had imagined from his photographs and much more engaging. His first words, spoken in English that lacked any trace of

either American, British or Irish accent, were almost apologetic. "This is not an interview that I am giving," he said, "but I am glad to see you. Sit down and let's talk."

He sat at his broad, mahogany desk. His manner was relaxed and easy, and he clasped big hands around one knee. He was grey at the temples and balding, and wore spectacles with slightly rose-tinted glass — perhaps symbolic. During our conversation, which lasted over an hour, the buzzer of his house telephone went from time to time. *An Taoiseach* lifted the earpiece and each time repeated the monosyllable "Ha-a-h?" Afterwards, I inquired of a government minister whether Mr. de Valera was deaf. The minister roared with laughter. "It is not that he is deaf," he said, "but first they speak Irish to him and then they have to speak English so he will understand."

Mr. de Valera maintains that the Free State of Southern Ireland is different from all other nations, large or small. Its geographic position between Great Britain and America gives it a strategic importance out of all proportion to its size, and it is therefore destined to play a major rôle in all future commercial and naval relations between these two powers. The horrible examples of the small nations

of Europe which, like Eire, attempted to appease Hitler with the plum of neutrality, do not impress Mr. de Valera. Who can say, he asks, that these nations did not pursue the best policy? Had Belgium and Holland entered into active military relations with France and Britain before the war, their plight today might be worse than it is. Nor can the Irish Government be influenced in its decisions by the wishes of the Irish-Americans. They are free to choose their own policy, he indicated, and their first duty is certainly to the United States Government.

International accord having given way to international anarchy, war-making is today the job of the great powers and the duty of small nations is to avoid involvement. Ireland, Mr. de Valera is convinced, faces inevitable destruction if involved in the present conflict, and is therefore compelled to choose the policy containing the least of many evils. This policy is complete and unrelenting neutrality. Ireland will fight off all invaders, from whatever side. The fact that this policy may one day place Eire on the side of Germany does not deter Mr. de Valera.

He realizes that Britain could scarcely wait until Germany had landed her first troops on Irish soil

before taking defensive measures, but this does not alter his decision. Were Britain to invade a single hour before the Nazis, her forces would be opposed by the Irish Army. Mr. de Valera also realizes that if Nazi and Irish forces succeeded in repelling the British, Eire would still be in the hands of Hitler. This would be only temporary, he maintains, because the Irish would then turn on the Germans and also drive them out. (Ireland is perhaps the last country in the world where grown men have seen banshees, and where fairies on toadstools on moonlit nights are seriously discussed over cocktails.)

Most Irishmen are not impressed with Britain's demands for their western ports. The fact that Britain has managed quite well without them, they argue, proves that she never needed them. What Eire would reply were the United States to scrap her war zone policy and request permission to send American merchant ships into Irish ports Irish leaders hesitate to say. I felt in discussing the matter that, without actually saying so, Eire's political leaders wanted to give the impression that the answer would be affirmative.

The question of Ulster can in no way be connected with that of

Irish participation in the war and here Mr. de Valera was no less emphatic than his compatriots. The duty of England in this case is clear and the return of the six northern counties to Eire must in no way be tied up with the granting of concessions. When I mentioned the new facilities being developed in Northern Ireland with the assistance of American equipment and labor, Mr. de Valera's forehead suddenly wrinkled and his jaw seemed to set firmer. It is obvious that the investment of millions in Northern Ireland is complicating the question of returning the counties to Eire, but Mr. de Valera's policy remains unaltered. The situation, he insists, was clear before England and America ever thought of bases in the North.

When asked how long they think Eire can remain neutral, Irishmen, including Mr. de Valera, often reply with a mathematical problem. "If," they ask, "the United States with a population of 140,000,000, a production potential of six thousand and a distance of three thousand miles from Europe can remain out of a purely European war for two years, how long can Eire with a population of some three million, a production potential of .001 and a distance of only fifty miles from England remain out of the con-

flict?" They chuckle as they give their answer. It is about two million years.

III

Economically Eire is on the spot. Her most serious deficiency as winter approaches is coal. She formerly imported 2,500,000 tons annually from England. She now gets practically none at all. She has some native coal deposits but these are mostly undeveloped. There is soft surface coal in the west and excellent anthracite in the southeast, but the total annual output is only 120,000 tons. Although Dublin is not blacked out, its lights are dim because coal is lacking in the power plants. Train services have been reduced by as much as two-thirds and trains are sometimes stranded between stations when their coal supply runs out. Eire's total coal reserves are sufficient for only a few weeks and unless England can be persuaded to contribute from her own inadequate supply, the Free State faces a cold, dark winter.

Ireland's traditional substitute for coal is turf or peat, of which she possesses an inexhaustible supply. Two tons of peat equal one ton of coal in heating power, but peat is between three and four times as

bulky as coal, which makes it impractical for locomotives and factory furnaces. The lush, damp climate of Ireland which has covered great areas of the country with peat bogs also makes the preparation of peat extremely difficult. At the present time, 36,000 men are working in the peat bogs cutting one hundred thousand tons of peat a week.

The wheat shortage is acute and, much against her will, Eire has gone back to the black loaf, made of a sodden mixture of whole wheat, potatoes and barley. At the elegant Gresham Hotel a minuscule portion of macaroni from a tin is regarded as a delicacy. In a good year Eire can grow two-thirds of her wheat requirements, but she must import one-third of her wheat and an even greater proportion of her oats. A country where the raising of thoroughbred horses might be called a major industry, the Free State is today slaughtering thousands of its horses and sending their carcasses to England as dog meat because oats must now be saved for human consumption. A fine hunter can be bought for thirty-five dollars and the owners of famous racers try to give them to foreigners living in Eire, hoping that in this way they will be properly fed.

Tea, which for centuries has been Ireland's beverage, is rationed at half an ounce a week, and today the sight of a turf fire glowing without its steaming teakettle makes many a Gael heart low. Coffee, tobacco, chocolate, and canned goods are equally scarce. Jute, cotton, newsprint and lumber are fast running low and turpentine has jumped from seventy-five cents to four dollars a gallon.

Eire formerly exported fifteen thousand cattle either dressed or on the hoof to England each week. The number has dropped to 4,400. The British say it is because of the hoof-and-mouth disease which has raged in Eire throughout the summer, but Irishmen are not persuaded. They believe it is just another case of economic pressure to bring Eire to heel. Englishmen have practically forgotten the joy of eating a succulent porterhouse steak, but in Eire, across fifty miles of the Irish sea, thousands of beef cattle are being destroyed weekly for want of a buyer. At a livestock market in Dublin I saw good-sized calves auctioned off at fifteen shillings.

Except when an odd neutral tanker happens to put into an Irish port, Eire goes without gasoline and oil. Many of her cars stand idle and others have been equipped

with enormous rubberized canvas gas bags which are strapped to a special frame on the top. The bags are filled with ordinary illumination gas which is drawn into the carburetor of the car and motive power is thus supplied for short runs.

Like so many small nations, Eire, which is a third the size of Britain and supports three million people as compared with thirty-five million Britons, has failed to recognize her free path to economic salvation. As the vegetable garden of England she could be certain of a constant market, but her political leaders have endeavored to make their country a self-sufficient industrial unit. With the great Sheffield steel center a few miles away, Eire built her own steel industry at Cork, although she possessed neither iron ore nor coal. An aluminum refining plant was also erected, as was a chocolate factory and other industries entirely foreign to agricultural Ireland's capabilities. Today their roofs are sagging, their machines rusting, and their furnaces cold.

In the grim struggle for existence, many Irishmen have turned to the time-honored practice of smuggling. Both Ulster and Eire have their black markets and the smuggler has assumed the rôle of

war profiteer. Along the dirt roads, in and out of the border farms severed by the jigsaw frontier, over the fields, down sunken lanes moves a constant stream of contraband commerce. Sugar, butter, eggs and meat, of which Eire has plenty, goes into Ulster; tea and white flour moves into Eire. Entire herds of cattle or sheep are driven across the frontier on dark nights, lorries loaded with flour and grain are driven into Eire or to the frontier where, for a nightly wage of one pound, Irishmen brave the law to carry the contraband across. There were even cases in which British army lorries piled high with flour left for the frontier and returned loaded with sugar.

IV

Irish internal politics are now pegged entirely on the war, which has brought about odd contortions in the various political fronts. Although Mr. de Valera does not speak to Mr. Cosgrave, leader of the opposition party, because when he was Prime Minister Mr. Cosgrave had refused to speak to Mr. de Valera, they are agreed on the policy of neutrality. And the extremists who in former days worked solely against the government have now thrown in their lot with the

Axis and are engaged in sabotage against both Dublin and London. The pro-Axis minority of about 20 per cent consists generally of a few wealthy industrialists, a fair percentage of Eire's professional men, technicians and engineers, a small minority in the army, and the members of two potent organizations, the IRA and the Irish International Brigade.

The IRA is strong in the north and weak in the south. Belfast is reported to have fifteen hundred sworn members, Londonderry five hundred, Dublin eight hundred, Cork four hundred. Its policy of abstention and the refusal of its members to take seats in the Dail when elected have brought it into disrepute while dissension in its ranks has reduced its effectiveness to a mere trouble-making level. Although its leaders are mostly southern Irishmen, its power lies in the north where organized sabotage and pro-Axis agitation keep the government on the alert.

Nazi support is being gradually withdrawn from the IRA and directed to other more capable and less volatile groups, principally the Irish International Brigade of General O'Duffy. It is composed theoretically of Irishmen who fought for Franco in Spain, but during the past two years its ranks

have been padded by persons of all types willing to collaborate with the Axis. It numbers about twelve hundred members and includes several prominent Irish politicians. German support to the Brigade is in the form of additional sums of money in salary envelopes of members who lend political and material support to Axis schemes.

The Germans themselves in Eire number, according to government statistics, 172, with an additional 150 German refugees, most of whom are Jewish. But it is evident to any observer that there are many times this number of Germans in Eire. They have arrived with various passports, including Swiss, Brazilian, Portuguese and Mexican, and are engaged in numerous professions. The government claims that the number of German nationals in Eire has remained constant since the war, but British observers declare that the German butchers and *Hausfrauen* who had made their home in Eire have been quietly withdrawn and their places taken by potent Nazi agents and spies. The frequent discovery of abandoned parachutes and arrests of suspicious characters found to be carrying large sums of dollars or pounds in tattered trouser pockets also indicates nefarious activity.

Among Germans in vital positions in Eire is the superintendent of the Shannon Power Works, which supplies Eire with much of its light and power. The government says he has been there since 1933 and is entirely reliable. British circles intimate that he maintains contacts with the German Legation and is quietly inserting Irish radicals into key positions at the plant. There are also indications that IRA specialists trained in Germany are being sent to Eire in considerable numbers, either being dropped by parachute or landed at isolated spots along the coast. These men arrived in Germany by scores at the end of the Spanish War because they could not return to Ireland. Recognizing their future value, Gestapo Chief Heinrich Himmler offered them jobs.

Germany maintains a diplomatic front in Dublin in the person of her benign old minister, Edouard Hempel, who attends state funerals, musicales and tea parties with Teutonic regularity. The man who really matters is a dark-haired, scar-faced, silent Reichswehr officer, Major Henning Thompson, who functions as Legation Secretary. He lives at Dun Loaghaire, Eire's most strategic port, and British circles in Dublin regard him as an extremely astute agent. He

does not often appear in public except at the *Ceilidhs* or Irish dancing festivals sponsored by the Gaelic League. Major Thompson does not dance, but the long evenings he spends listening to the pipe and fiddle often pay dividends because it is at these festivals that nationalist hotheads congregate.

The Reich propaganda agent and paymaster of small accounts in Eire is a roly-poly, young doctor of philosophy, Karl Heinz Petersen. Wearing the roughest Irish tweeds and striving diligently to cover up his Teutonic accent with an Irish brogue, he is known throughout Dublin as a young man about town. His frequent drinking parties at which his guests include foreign diplomats, society women, businessmen, chorus girls, politicians and even English expatriates, are known for their lavishness, exceeding even those once given by America's horse-riding minister, John Cudahy. Petersen is an excellent host and under the influence of the best Irish whiskey his guests often become loquacious. One foreign military attaché was surprised to hear a chance remark he had let drop at a Petersen party broadcast from Berlin the same evening.

The German Legation also keeps an ear attuned to the Irish radio. It is said that Herr Hempel is seldom

far from his radio and his complaints over alleged breaches of neutrality or too faint praise of Germany are regular and insistent. Discussing topics for a broadcast from Dublin with an official of the Irish Broadcasting Company, I discovered that I could not say anything at all about Germany, but was perfectly free to talk about England. I could describe the difficulties of living in London but could say nothing about the difficulties of living in Berlin. Nor was I permitted to discuss the war in any way that referred to Germany. The choice of subjects soon narrowed down to my impressions of Ireland.

One thing the war has not changed in Ireland is partition, but neither has it aggravated the question. There is a general inclination in Dublin to leave the question in abeyance in order not to add to Britain's burdens. "Ulster first, Empire always" is the Northern Irish slogan, and its population — two-thirds Scotch, one-third Irish — thinks in terms of empire in the manner of any British colonial. Belfast, the capital, is as ugly, as energetic and almost as big as Glasgow, and its atmosphere of utilitarianism is the same. The people are dour and word-stingy, and hate

the more gifted but less practical southerners. They love the idea of Britain and the British Empire but dislike individual Englishmen. The Scotch Presbyterian and Roman Catholic churches are in competition in Northern Ireland and their hatred for one another approaches Reformation fanaticism.

In Stormont Castle, a severe fortress-like edifice outside Belfast which houses the government of Northern Ireland, I visited the Prime Minister, John Miller Andrews, a small, nut-hard Scotsman with steel-grey eyes, bristling mustache, thin lips and a way of biting through his words as though he were reluctant to part with them. Northern Ireland, he emphasizes, asks nothing of Eire, expects nothing, and wants only to be left alone. To return the six counties to Eire would be equivalent to breaking up Britain, because in nationality, sentiments and industry they are united with Britain, whereas Eire is an agricultural country peopled with an entirely different race. The great shipyards of Belfast and industries of the north could not survive without Britain as a market and source of raw materials. Mr. Andrews is not impressed with Mr. de Valera's contention that Ireland is a unit and should not be divided. He believes that Mr. de Valera

cannot see beyond his map, and the same analogy, applied to Europe, would necessitate the abolition of every nation except one.

Touring Northern Ireland and talking with its thrifty, capable people, one wonders whether Mr. de Valera may not be sowing the seeds of his own ruin in striving for their annexation. Once citizens of a united Ireland, they might readily control it within a very short time. The majority of commanding posts in the Free State Army are even now held by northerners.

As the war drags into its third year, the Irish ship of state still holds its course. Its skipper has proved himself not only a great leader but also a master diplomat. He enjoys greater popular support than ever before, and although he

has consistently opposed British demands for bases and even prevented conscription in Ulster, he has kept relations between Eire and Britain on a friendly basis.

Irishmen as a whole are today more sympathetic towards England than at any time since 1918. They concede that a British victory is in Ireland's interest, but they reckon the hypothetical contribution to victory resulting from Irish participation as small against the suffering involvement would bring to their country. They do not fear possible post-war ill will as a result of their policy, arguing that in the perspective of history their stand will be understood. Their hope of the future, they believe, lies in the United States, the protector of small nations and signer of the Atlantic Charter.

CONCEIT

The image
we see in the glass
is not the same
we leave in
strange eyes.

—LILLIAN READING

► *Uncle Sam seeks to safeguard his armed men against prostitution.*

SEX IN THE ARMY

BY IRWIN ROSS

THE sex life of its 1,500,000 charges is one of the biggest headaches of the U. S. Army. The problem is to keep the men both happy and clean. In the last war there were 340,000 cases of venereal disease in the military forces. One man out of every eleven was infected; syphilis and gonorrhea caused the loss of several million days soldiering. Our generals are resolved that in this war the tale shall be different.

Infection stems mainly from prostitution, of that there seems no doubt. Recently, medical authorities in one Southern town checked on the source of every case of venereal disease and traced 85 per cent to contact with prostitutes. Non-professionals, receiving no payment for their favors, were a less dangerous source of infection.

Prostitution thrives around military and naval establishments in many parts of the country. In addition to the traditional "houses" containing a madam and a bevy of girls, various innovations have sprung up: trailer camp settlements

of prostitutes, which take to the roads at the approach of the county sheriff; honky-tonks and "juke joints" where the girls are ostensibly waitresses; free-lances who cruise the roads in taxicabs in search of customers. Only New England and the Middle Atlantic states are "tight," i.e., inhospitable to commercial vice; much of the rest of the country is "wide open." The South and Far West are particularly tolerant. But no region is completely free of prostitution, stepped up to cater to the uniformed men.

In one New England community, host to a large naval establishment, only an "inner circle" of politicians, gamblers and lawyers can gain admittance to the limited number of high-priced brothels. Not a taxicab driver or bellboy will solicit, fearing the year-and-a-day sentence if he is caught. The hotels are rigidly virtuous. For the lowly sailor, assignations are only possible in the cheap saloons close to the waterfront. These establishments are frequented by free lance prosti-

tutes, who are surprisingly particular about their clientele. They concentrate on "rated men" (sailors above the rank of able-bodied seamen) and will have nothing to do with recruits, the youngsters of the service who are receiving their initial four weeks' training. Recruits, easily identified, can find only the lowest dregs of prostitution, available on one thoroughfare after 2 A.M. every night.

The American Social Hygiene Association, pioneer in the anti-venereal campaign, praises this town for having reduced "vice" to an exemplary minimum. Less commendable in the eyes of the Association, but still a far cry from the extremes of blatancy, is a Southern community of twenty thousand inhabitants, located near a large army camp. For a while after the last war a red-light district was tolerated, but the town fathers finally managed to clean it out. Today no flagrant prostitution exists, but the city's four hotels cater to the needs of their own guests and a few outsiders, at prices ranging from three to five dollars. This scale is beyond the purchasing power of the average private, who must have recourse to the juke joints and beer parlors scattered in the woods around the camp. These resorts are frequented by full-time prostitutes

as well as part-time practitioners who confine their illicit activities to Saturday night. In the honky-tonks, where the waitresses double as prostitutes, some of the girls are shockingly precocious, fourteen- and fifteen-year-olds being no rarities.

Here as elsewhere, the investigators of the Social Hygiene Association found that the mobility of modern life has been an added boon to the oldest of "defense industries." Cab drivers were eager to quote prices in New Orleans and to transport a party of six for \$2.50 a head. The drivers do not earn much on the fare, but clean up on their percentage of the New Orleans brothel fees.

On the West Coast we attain the true effulgence of the "wide-open" city. Within the sprawling environs of a typical boom town live thousands of defense workers, sailors and marines. Prostitution flourishes in many forms and under few disguises. Lining the streets that lead up from the harbor to the business district are row after row of houses, their identity emblazoned by gaudy neon signs. The few respectable rooming houses in the neighborhood can only establish their identity by putting up signs reading "Men Only," "No Girls Here," "Please Do Not Ask For Girls."

The popular-priced houses are

supplemented by a more expensive service offered by the local hotels, some of which are licensed by the police and are used exclusively by free-lance prostitutes. Throughout the business district, solicitation is carried on by bellboys, doormen and cab drivers.

Prostitution in this town is recognized by the police and no attempt is made to curb it. The authorities provide a cursory kind of disease control, which physicians without exception believe to be totally ineffective. Every prostitute must carry a "health certificate" which she receives after undergoing a weekly examination and a quarter-yearly blood test. Brothel keepers make a point of flaunting these cards and pointing to signs on the wall which read: "Be Sure To Receive Your Prophylactic From Girl." The prophylactic is a shot of patargol, a large container of which is supposed to be in every bedroom. Prospective customers are constantly reminded that the houses are operated with the full consent of the police, that they are free from the dangers of disease and raids. Many of the townsfolk approve the attitude of their officials. For those souls who express moral scruples, the police used to stage a few fake raids; this exertion has now been

reduced to the lesser effort of periodically arresting two prostitutes from each brothel, fining them, and then allowing them to return to "work."

The greatest rush of business comes during the two or three days after payday. In the October *Journal of Social Hygiene*, Paul Kinsie described conditions in one establishment near a maneuver area:

On the last day of each month, and usually for two or three succeeding days, long lines of "soldier boys" waited their turn to gain admittance. The operators, "old timers" in the game, admitted at one time only as many prospective customers as could be accommodated, and Military Police prevented those who were waiting from gate-crashing.

The most prosperous brothels are those in towns where soldiers, sailors and marines are all centered. They benefit from five pay days. Marines are paid on the first and the fifteenth, sailors on the fifth and the twentieth, soldiers on the last day of the month. The houses consequently keep going full blast all month long.

Such are the sources of infection with which the U. S. Army and other military services must contend.

II

In its endeavor to keep the soldiers clean, the army relies on four con-

current methods: sex instruction, cure, prophylaxis, and an all-out drive aimed at the repression of prostitution. Today, every draftee, before being admitted to the service, gets a blood test for syphilis and a thorough examination for gonorrhea. In order to prevent voluntary contraction of the disease as an easy method of avoiding the draft, it is proposed that every infected person be forced to undergo treatment.

Inside the army, cures are expedited through a liberalization of the old rules. A man is no longer punished for getting sick, but he may be court-martialed if he tries to hide infection from his medical officers. The army's medical task has also been lightened by the recently discovered use of sulfathiazole as a cure for gonorrhea. The treatment is quite painless and extremely effective. The small minority which does not respond may be hospitalized, dosed with sulfathiazole and subjected to artificial fevers.

With syphilis, unfortunately, the army perforce continues the traditional, protracted course of treatment. The five-day "intravenous drip" cure, despite its widespread publicity, is still in the experimental stage and the army's attitude is that it can't use its soldiers

as guinea pigs. The method has produced a highly satisfactory rate of cures, but many technical hurdles remain to be cleared.

A less cumbersome expedient, of course, is prophylaxis, which has been found to be 95 per cent effective, providing it is administered in time — usually within 90 minutes of exposure — in the proper manner, and with fresh materials. The army has established prophylactic stations in the camps and in surrounding cities. The difficulty is that they are not always patronized. A soldier is likely to forget.

Army opinion holds that medical treatment and prophylaxis are not enough to root out disease. The mainspring of the virus, the "prostitution racket," must be attacked. The various semi-legal health inspection schemes are ineffective, the army maintains, because a prostitute may always contract a disease one hour after she receives a health certificate and can pass it on to numerous customers before her next periodic examination.

In attempting to suppress prostitution, the armed services are quite aware of the magnitude of their undertaking and make no effort to go it alone. They are dependent on the cooperation of local authorities and on the aid of the Federal government. All three groups depend

on the varied services of the American Social Hygiene Association, a nationwide, non-profit making organization of 10,000 members, which has been waging the good fight since 1914.

The Federal agency in the field is the new Division of Social Protection, which is part of the Office of Defense, Health and Welfare Services of the Federal Security Agency. This body is headed by Eliot Ness, who, as the former Commissioner of Public Safety of Cincinnati, cleaned up vice conditions there and is the recipient of several awards for noteworthy civic achievement. The Division of Social Protection is staffed by a group of forty field representatives — social workers who visit local communities, study conditions at first hand, confide their findings to the appropriate authorities and attempt to stimulate civic probity. They are a sort of gadfly to health departments, venereal disease clinics and social service agencies, prodding them to renewed assaults against the old enemies of disease and ignorance.

Neither the Division of Social Protection nor the Army and Navy expect to suppress prostitution completely. Their reasoning holds that there is always an incorrigible group who will ferret out

the girls no matter how difficult the task is — perhaps 15 per cent of the men fall into this category. At the other end of the scale are the completely undefiled — another 15 per cent who prefer abstention to prostitution. Between these extremes are the great mass of soldiers, amenable to illicit pleasures providing they are within convenient reach. If these men were denied that access to prostitution, it is assumed, they would simply abstain, and it is for their benefit that the Army tries to suppress vice.

Frequently, however, the crusading generals are stymied by the uncooperative attitude of the local police. Prostitution oils the wheels of many political machines and many a town unblessed by defense orders of greater respectability welcomes the revenue of shady enterprises. Even where these profit considerations are not encountered, the Army runs into a surprising amount of ideological resistance. A quaint notion is current in many parts of the country that prostitution protects the virtuous females of the community, keeps down the incidence of rape, reduces the possibility of widespread seduction, and does its bit towards maintaining the sanctity of marriage. In vain does the Army argue that there is no factual proof of these conten-

tions and that, if the product were not flamboyantly displayed, a great many of the customers would simply do without.

In many cases, with the best will in the world, the local authorities are unable to cooperate. A town of fifteen hundred suddenly overwhelmed by the incursion of twenty thousand soldiers and several hundred prostitutes simply lacks the health and police facilities to cope with the situation. But where this predicament does not exist, prostitution can be drastically reduced. The vice rings can be broken up, the big operators and their satellites packed off to jail, and even independent brothels cleared out of back alleys.

Memphis provides an example of a successful clean-up campaign. For years prostitution flourished under the benevolent regulation of the police department. Tolerance continued until recently, when the city's health authorities traced case after case of syphilis to prostitutes who proudly displayed a certificate attesting to their good health. The drive began. Under a twenty-year-old state law, the Health Department found itself invested with broad powers to examine suspected venereal victims and quarantine any diseased persons. The police department then sprang into ac-

tion, publicly announcing that at midnight ten days hence every house of prostitution had to close. The girls were warned not to move from their old haunts into residential districts. Proprietors of tourist camps were apprised of their legal responsibility if they rented accommodations to prostitutes.

By the time the deadline rolled around, 90 per cent of the town's contingent had departed for less hostile territory. All houses were visited and if found open were padlocked; their inmates were bundled off to jail. Members of the police department who were lenient with the girls were axed. Arrested prostitutes were examined in a clinic established at police headquarters, whether or not they possessed one of the old health certificates. Those found infected were hospitalized for ten weeks after their jail sentence was completed, and then made to report for further treatment on pain of being jailed again. Before long, Memphis was "tight"; cooperation between police and health officials had turned the trick.

Where local authorities are hostile, one expedient at least is open to a camp commandant. He can declare an undesirable area "out of bounds." Court-martial awaits any soldier found trespassing. In a half-

dozen cases, excommunicating a town has had the desired effect, but the Army is reluctant to use this power, fearing the antagonistic local reaction it is sure to elicit.

III

Community action, however, only begs the question. The immediate area is cleared, but the infection spreads elsewhere. A nationwide program is called for. Recently Congress passed and the President signed the May Bill, making prostitution a Federal offense in an area as large as the Secretaries of War and Navy designate around a camp site. Conviction brings sentences as high as a year in prison and a one thousand-dollar fine. It seems clear that the FBI, unhampered by local interests and traditions, should be able to clean up with little trouble. United States marshals and other Federal law enforcement officials can be called into action. So far, the law has not been applied. A similar act during the first World War was used only four times, the government preferring to rely on persuading local authorities to clear their own backyards.

Another important measure is enforcement of Federal wages-and-hours laws. Honky-tonks frequently pay starvation wages to

their waitress-prostitutes and can be painlessly closed by vigilant Federal action. State child labor laws are similarly used to protect the juvenile prostitutes. The Division of Social Protection hopes to rehabilitate these youngsters. Ideally, they would be detained in reformatories with part of their time devoted to the cure and the rest to vocational training. An attempt would be made to persuade them that other occupations offer even better pay and greater chance for advancement. No hope, however, can be held out for the rehabilitation of the veterans in the trade.

The new cures, prophylaxis and a streamlined vice crusade, indicate that this time the Army has a good chance of keeping the boys clean. But whether they will also be happy is another question. Many Army men believe that the General Staff is on the wrong tack. Not a few officers wink at prostitution, considering it a necessary evil which has plagued every army. Others consciously abet the industry by cooperating in licensing and inspection schemes.

Proponents of regulated prostitution both within and without the Army usually confront their opponents with the question: Is enforced abstention mentally healthy,

is it common sense to turn an Army camp in this respect into a penal institution? The advocates of suppression retort that, for many of the wholesome lads, patronizing a prostitute sets up mental conflicts which are equally deleterious. To a young man from a milieu in which prostitution is not accepted, a feeling of inner shame and degradation sets in which is no less injurious to morale. Where the truth may be, between these extremes, not even psychiatrists, let alone laymen, can say. To complicate the problem further, there is always the fear that enforced abstention may encourage homosexuality—a blight which has been known to ravage European armies in the past under analogous conditions.

The fact remains that, beyond preventive and curative measures, little candid attention has been given to promoting a healthy sex life for the nation's armed forces. The Army, the Navy, the Division of Social Protection, none of them old-fashioned moralists, are concerned primarily with the public health angle of the problem, with keeping down the incidence of venereal disease. From that point of view, they proceed to prevent contagion at its source. In the measure that they succeed, they face the necessity for "sublima-

tion," though they may not use the word. The idea is behind much of the talk of recreational activities in the camps, recreation centers for uniformed men in the cities, and social activities in a wholesome environment. Realists, while recognizing the importance of such enterprises, do not pretend that it solves the sex problem.

One obvious solution would be complete military supervision of prostitution. Dr. R. A. Vonderlehr, director of the venereal disease section of the United States Public Health Service, recently remarked jocularly that the only scientific way to establish official control would be to segregate prostitutes in "an institution with a big wall around it, containing only one entrance." The men would be examined upon entry and forced to undergo prophylaxis before leaving. Even a layman can well understand that the health of the boys would be better protected—prophylaxis is, after all, 95 per cent effective. The trouble is that such direct control would mean in effect that the prostitution resort become part of the Army camp. Quite apart from other objections, any system of organized prostitution under Army auspices could hardly be kept from public cognizance and would meet overwhelming disapproval.

Surgeon General Thomas Parran, head of the United States Public Health Service, has been courageous and successful in combating venereal disease. In a statement to *Life* magazine recently he summed up the problem — though obviously he is as far as the rest of us from a definitive solution — when he said:

For the first time in the recruitment of any army every man is blood-tested for syphilis and examined for gonorrhea. Those found by Selective Service to be infected are not accepted but health departments require them to undergo treatment. Thus the soldiers are clean to start with and the Army, Navy and Public Health Service are doing all in their power to keep them free of disease.

But the job cannot be done successfully unless the people of the U. S. realize their responsibility. Every citizen must see to it that his own community is cleaned up and kept clean. There should be established in every city a clinic for the detection and treatment of venereal disease, so that every case can be followed back to its source and other possible infections from the same source tracked down. Residents of communities near Army camps have the special responsibility to make sure that the soldiers are given opportunities for wholesome recreation and social life.

Largely through sound, positive articles in magazines and newspapers can this nation be made aware of its problem and its duty.

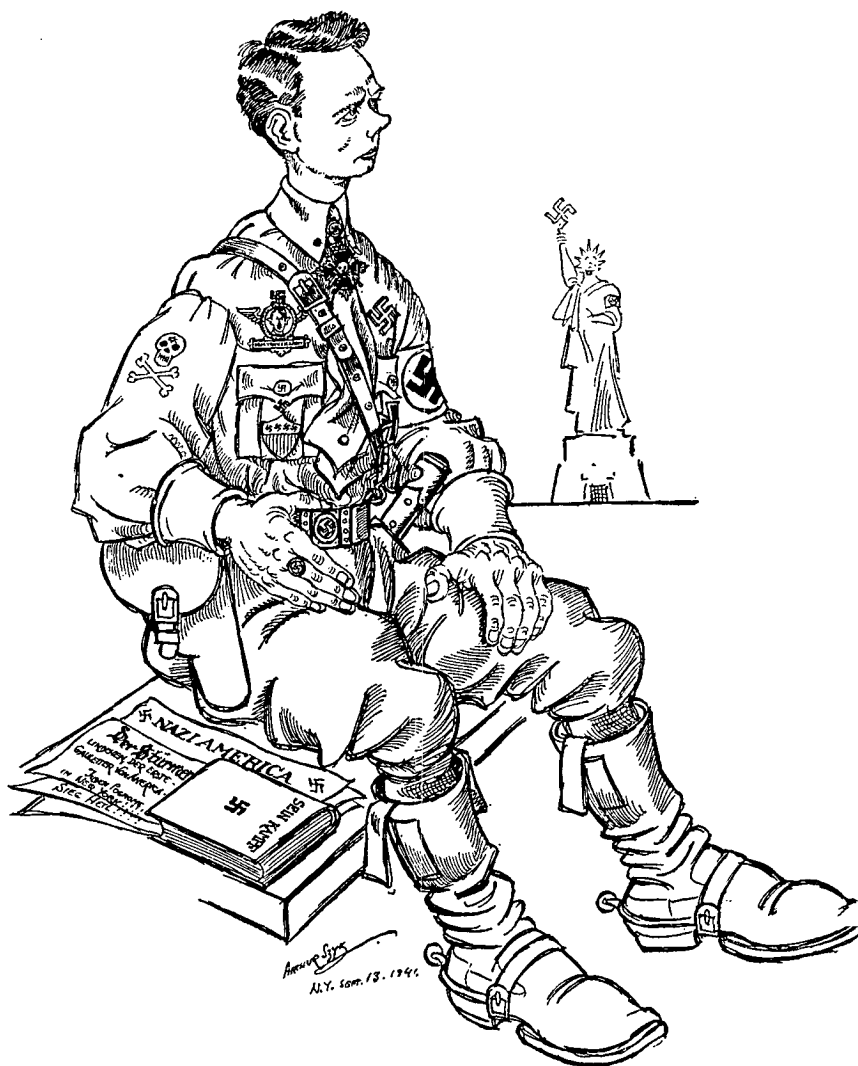
It is in line with Dr. Parran's intelligent advice that this article was written and published.

SUMMARY

AND THEN the lost hopes whittled the years
A Down to a sword, and speared to its point
Faith drips into the sputtering flame
It cannot quench, nor increase. For tears
Fell, mouths cursed, and what remained of love
Sighed and turned away, weary of shame . . .
Only to obey the stomach's hard cry;
Only because the flesh must not die.

Now life has been conquered and drips
From a spit . . . For the stomach's sake
Only, or the tongue and the lips.

—DAVID CORNEL DEJONG



As the Nazis See Him. . . .

STALIN'S AMERICAN POWER

By MAX EASTMAN

TO ONE who has studied the communist movement here and in Moscow, the blindness with which some of our eminent citizens lend themselves to its Machiavellian maneuvers is appalling. A mere handful understand the ingenuity of the attack that is being made on our way of life by Stalin's apostles. They know the communist party has less than 100,000 members. Yet they see millions enrolled in organizations mysteriously conforming to its party line. They see labor leaders, businessmen, movie actors, parsons, government officials, socialites, college professors, publishers — they have even seen the First Lady of the Land — hoodwinked into giving aid indirectly to the effort of a foreign dictator to destroy our democracy.

How does this prodigious thing happen? How can it be stopped? These questions are among the most important that Americans can ask. Their importance is redoubled since Stalin has become virtually a companion-in-arms of the United States. Stalin is the weaker of two

gangster-tyrants, and common sense demands that we support his resistance to Hitler. But common sense also warns us against the added strength this gives his American agents with their own more subtle plot against our way of life.

This plot's technique was invented by Lenin in 1903-4. Lenin was then head of a conspiratorial party attempting to overthrow the Czar and lay the foundations of socialism. He told his followers that fighting the battles of the working class is not enough — they must go into every phase of national life, and *wherever they find any discontent about anything*, make themselves its mouthpiece. Thus every vigorous kicker, and every idealistic reformer, would come to identify the party with the cure of his particular grievance.

He also told them that "a revolution can not be made by revolutionists alone." The party must surround itself with a series of organizations, each less and less definitely affiliated with it, until remote circles little interested in

its ideas become subject to its influence. In these organizations the party should plant a "nucleus" of its own disciplined members through which in a crisis the whole organization could be swayed.

It was largely by this adroit technique that Lenin was able, when he seized power with his tiny party in October 1917, to control all Russian society. It was as though he had cast a net over the progressive forces of the entire country.

Exactly the same net is being thrown over American society — but now with vast sums of money to spend, and without Lenin's genuine purpose of liberation and enlightenment. Stalin's emissaries are going into every phase of our national life, and wherever they find any discontent with anything are making themselves its mouthpiece. They are building organization after organization, ostensibly dedicated to some specific democratic reform, really concerned only to bring larger and larger masses under the party's sway. Where an organization already exists, they try to form in it a "nucleus" strong enough to control its policies, or if that proves impossible, destroy it. In this operation they do a great deal of work for various noble causes. That is what makes them so insidious. But their sole real loyalty

is to the party, and behind the party the Soviet Union.

About eight years ago, when an energetic young woman named Viola Ilma decided to unite all America's youth groups, from Junior League to Young Communists, into one grand national organization, she was actuated by the ideal of Tolerance. But the communists saw in this venture a rare opportunity to capture a block of unformed American opinion. They already had a front organization in the colleges, the National Student League. With this, the Young Communist League, and a number of other organizations which they invented for the purpose of producing delegates, they went to work to win the key positions in Miss Ilma's grandiose adventure. By the time the "First American Youth Congress" met, in 1934, they were able, by combining with the socialists, to control a majority of its votes and Miss Ilma found herself, and Tolerance, on the outside looking in.

It remained now only to get rid of the socialists and that was accomplished by the usual communist tactic for destroying a rival organization. The National Student League, covertly controlled by communists, proposed a merger — on the plea of "unity" — to the

socialist Students' League for Industrial Democracy. Unity was achieved in a new organization called The American Student Union. In this, the socialist leaders were given positions without power and the American Student Union toed the communist party line with exactitude from the day of its birth.

Since this merger the communist control of the American Youth Congress has been absolute. Yet it is doubly concealed from view. The Congress itself has no official or visible connection with communism. Neither has the American Student Union, which so mysteriously wields a preponderant voice in the deliberations of the Youth Congress. There is simply expert operation of communism's "nuclear" system of control from within.

At its fifth annual meeting in 1939, the Youth Congress claimed to represent 513 organizations and 4,700,000 members of all hues and connections, from Polish Catholics to "young Coughlinites." They certainly represented at least half that number. Yet in its official resolutions, this vast and heterogeneous assemblage has never swerved on any vital issue from the course laid down for it in Moscow. Up to the Stalin-Hitler pact, it

voted hosannas to Roosevelt and death to Hitler. From the date of that pact, reversing itself with the speed and mechanical exactitude of a piston, it attacked Roosevelt and denounced the "imperialist" war on Hitler. Meeting just after Hitler's attack on Soviet Russia, it reversed itself once more and came out with a war-cry against Hitler.

Notwithstanding these naked exposures of its loyalty to Russian tyranny as against American democracy, this organization produced at the 1941 congress 1100 delegates and claimed they represented "five million American youth." They may have represented two million, and that is a lot of young men and women — youths so lacking in mental vigor, honesty and independence that they have gone a long way towards becoming totalitarian robots.

Further proof that the attitudes of these young people are being molded by Stalin's American power is obvious to anyone who reads the communist press. The *Party Organizer*, published in New York, has all along issued instructions for the Youth Congress in a tone of parental authority. The *Daily Worker* has openly boasted of the party's success in steering this prodigious instrument of propaganda. While President Roose-

velt, Attorney General Jackson, Secretary Ickes and hundreds of other eminently patriotic Americans were cherishing this "awakening of independent thought among American youth," clasping the Youth Congress leaders in a fatherly embrace, and Eleanor Roosevelt was brooding over it with a mother's solicitude, Earl Browder, in his book *Communism In The United States*, was frankly telling the world that in the American Youth Congress "the center of gravity is the Young Communist League. Practically all the basic proposals and policies come from us and those influenced by us."

This situation reached a climax of absurdity when, even after that second incriminating change of policy which followed the Stalin-Hitler pact, Mrs. Roosevelt insisted on welcoming the Youth Congress to Washington, and entertaining its ostensible leaders in the White House. Some of her protégés, acting on instructions from their real leader in Moscow, after gratefully enjoying her hospitality, booed her husband on the White House lawn. Even then she could not summon up the courage or the clear-headedness to admit that she had been duped. For a year she said nothing and when at last she did speak, it was

only to say that she was not disillusioned of the young people's effort toward independent thinking, but merely no longer found herself in accord with their conclusions on foreign policy.

Now that the Youth Congress has once more reversed itself, she will find herself in renewed accord with their conclusions. Will she coddle them again? Will she pretend to herself that they changed their minds in June 1941, as well as in September 1939, because they had thought things over and arrived in their independence at a wiser judgment about our foreign policy? Or will she recognize that they are not exercising judgment at all, but permitting themselves to be manipulated by a totalitarian conspiracy?

The question is not personal. Mrs. Roosevelt represents our American democratic humanitarianism, at its best. Her being hoodwinked by Stalin is also representative. That is why the question is asked.

II

The American Youth Congress is the most sinister instrument of Stalin's American Power — as the indoctrination of youth is the spearhead of the totalitarian attack

upon civilization. Another revealing intrigue is the attempt through the League of American Writers to capture American literature for Stalin. Here it was not a case of inserting a communist nucleus into an organization formed by others. The League of American Writers was openly communist-created and controlled from the beginning. It was launched by a Congress of American *Revolutionary* Writers held in New York City in April 1935. Only writers sympathetic to what was then still called proletarian revolution took any part in its proceedings. For a full year, no attempt was made to disguise the fact that the League of American Writers was a literary battalion of the international Soviet army.

But with Moscow's adoption of the Popular Front policy, word went out that the Soviet Union was to be defended in a new way. Gestures of revolution were to be abandoned and Stalinists in other countries were to comb their hair and crease their pants—I mean this quite literally—and join the respectable forces of democratic reform. The idea was not to win converts to the Soviet system, but to inveigle the democracies into defending the Soviet Union against Hitler. Accordingly, the League

of American Writers underwent a not-very-subtle transformation. When it held its second congress, in June 1937, the names of Comrades Browder, Gold, Hathaway, Moissaye Olgin, etc., which had adorned the call to the first congress had disappeared as though by magic. The party had decided that the League of American Writers should now “be” a perfectly spontaneous American movement, possessed through the miracle of its own intelligence of an unswerving loyalty to the party line. And it just seemed to happen by accident that nobody with a word to say in fundamental denunciation of Stalin's tyranny, no matter how prominent an American writer he might be, ever appeared in the membership lists of this League of American Writers.

It was not, and is not, a League of American Writers. It is a League of Writers for the Defense of the Soviet Union and the Substitution of Totalitarian Party Dictatorship for the American System of Government. Nevertheless, it has swept up in its brief career of hypocrisy many of the most distinguished authors in the country. Marc Connelly, John Steinbeck, Ernest Hemingway, Lincoln Steffens, Lewis Mumford, Archibald MacLeish, Millen Brand, Vincent

Sheean, Upton Sinclair, Thomas Mann (honorary vice-president), Carl Van Doren, Van Wyck Brooks, Paul de Kruif, H. V. Kaltenborn — the list is amazingly long of intelligent writers who, at one time or another, often through sheer innocence, permitted this camouflaged totalitarian organization to use their names and money, and wield their influence. Most of them came to their senses after the Stalin-Hitler pact, and quietly resigned from the League. At its recent congress, in June 1941, which once more reversed its war policy, there were only a few "big names," together with a number of regular party stooges.

It is easy to laugh at the downhill slide of the League of American Writers. But do not laugh too soon. Stalin is fighting Hitler now and literary men love to kid themselves. Only one thing can insure that hundreds of these imaginative souls will not flock back to the League of American Writers. That is a hardheaded, practical, Yankee understanding, wide-spread among the reading public, of just what the Stalinists are up to.

A more prodigious playing of adult Americans for suckers is the American People's Mobilization. From its creation in 1932 as the American Committee for Struggle

Against War this seemingly American organization has been an instrument of Soviet foreign policy. Its pacifism has never been anything but a purpose to keep the Soviet Union out of war, and defend it if attacked.

This organization has gone through six changes in name. The American Committee for Struggle Against War was formed in obedience to the decisions of a World Congress Against War held at Amsterdam under openly Soviet auspices. Hitler was not then in power. The name League Against War and Fascism was invented when it was realized that fascism, in the person of Adolf Hitler, was a war threat against the Soviet Union. Earl Browder, Donald Henderson and other Communist Party leaders became officers of the League. Browder in his next report to Moscow stated that "the Congress from beginning to end was led by our party quite openly." This plain speaking continued for several years, the *Daily Worker* boasting that the League is "guided by the higher committees of the party." Notwithstanding this brazenness, by the time of its 1936 Cleveland convention, the League could claim that it represented 992 groups with a total membership just under two million. Harold L.

Burton, Republican mayor of Cleveland and a former national commander of the American Legion, welcomed the convention with an official address. Major General Smedley Butler also spoke, and Bishop Edgar F. Blake of the Methodist Church.

Excellent pickings so far! But in the atmosphere of indignation aroused by the great purge in Moscow, in 1936, Stalin's hand and purpose in this 100 per cent American peace crusade had to be concealed. It had been so brazenly boasted of in the communist press that the only way to conceal it was to change its name. Call it the American League for Peace and Democracy. Who would ever suspect that Stalin was running an organization with such a name? Moreover, Stalin *wouldn't* be running it any longer — not so you could read it in the party press. The Communist Party actually withdrew as an affiliate. Could there be more convincing evidence that this pacifist organization, never heard of before, was an "independent," indeed a "spontaneous" American creation? But Browder, in announcing the party's withdrawal, served plain notice that the party would continue to run things on the network system: "This does not mean the with-

drawal of communism . . ." he explained. "We are perfectly satisfied to have our representation through *those who are elected as representatives of non-party organizations.*"

Providing a figurehead for this elaborate swindle of public opinion was Harry F. Ward, professor of Christian ethics at Union Theological Seminary. Under cover of his prestige as a teacher of Jesus, the League's real bosses managed to increase the enrollment of high-minded American suckers to millions — to 7,500,000 according to their own claims!

The Stalin-Hitler pact increased the threat both to peace and democracy, and would have galvanized an honest League for Peace and Democracy into violent life. But that same pact *decreased* the threat to the Soviet Union. It also turned this million-membered pacifist organization, with its carefully nurtured hatred of the new friend Hitler, into a gigantic white elephant on the party's hands. A decree went out from party headquarters that the League for Peace and Democracy — the noble organization which had been sponsored, contributed to, and prayed over by a majority of our most eminent American idealists of peace and democracy — must die!

The League did die — within a

very few weeks of the Stalin-Hitler pact. And it died, as so many communist organisms do, of assassination. Although supposedly devoted to democracy, its members were not permitted to vote on the issue of its life and death. They were simply informed, or allowed to find out, that the people who ran it had called it off.

And as though by divine inspiration, there sprang up, like flowers upon its grave, a number of "Yanks Are Not Coming" committees. And these, by an equally mysterious magnetism, soon drew together into a new national organization called the American Peace Mobilization. This organization again was filled with a zeal both for peace and democracy — and its job now was, not to stop Hitler from attacking Russia, but to stop the United States from helping England attack Hitler!

The American Peace Mobilization lasted — I needn't have told you this — exactly as long as the Stalin-Hitler friendship. When Hitler attacked Russia last June, it too had to die and be born again — with the old hatred of Hitler again flashing from its eyes. Only now not quite as before — not as a League Against War and Fascism. What Stalin wanted now was a League For War Against Fascism.

So, as the American *People's* Mobilization, this same hypocritical, mock pacifist, fake-American, Moscow-controlled amalgamation of unmitigated suckers is now agitating with the same old typewriters, and the same old "guiding nucleus," to bring America into the war on Stalin's side.¹

III

I have taken these three examples from a list² of over one hundred front organizations dedicated ostensibly to all sorts of noble purposes, but operated by communist nuclei with but two ends in view: defense of the Soviet Union and extension of Stalin's brand of pseudo-socialist totalitarian gang-rule into the United States. Almost every one of them represents the drawing in to the communist network of hundreds of prominent Americans, and the use of their names and money for causes they actually despise. These organizations have a rank-and-file membership of millions who are equally innocent of the real purposes behind them.

¹ Many of the fellow-travellers most active in these organizations are now featured names on the Russian War Relief lists. — Eo.

² Source: Compilations by the American Committee for Cultural Freedom, John Dewey, chairman; and by the Research Bureau of the *New Leader*.

For instance, when the Stalin-Hitler pact made it likely that the American authorities would begin treating the Communist Party in the same way they did the German Bund, the party suddenly discovered a mighty enthusiasm for civil liberties and the inalienable rights of man. Although these liberties and rights do not exist in Soviet Russia, and the party's purpose is to destroy them here, it was going to need them now. As though by magic, meetings, parades, groups, organizations by the score dedicated to civil liberty began to spring up all over the country. The startling fact is that droves of thinking Americans lent their names and money to this communist maneuver as though they were fast asleep.

Nothing in our history teaches us how to combat this underground form of attack upon our society. It is caused, in a world panic-stricken about its unsolved economic problems, by the spread of a religious mania — a fanatical belief in an earthly paradise. Eugene Lyons, in *The Red Decade*, has correctly named this psychosis "Russia Worship." It does not matter to the worshippers what the actual state of things in Russia is. They have the will to believe and the will is abundantly nourished by the

highly-paid dope-writers of Stalin's propaganda machine. The obtrusion of unpleasant facts about governmental mass murders and deportations, forced labor, state-planned famines, universal spying, regimentation by police raids, arbitrary arrest and execution without trial, becomes to them a kind of test of faith. The worse it is, the greater is their virtue in believing in it.

This communist conspiracy to destroy American democracy, actuated by a manic faith in a non-existent super-democracy on the other side of the planet, can be balked only if all sane democrats still loyal to fact and reason will observe the following simple rules.

(1) Always call the communist movement what it is — a totalitarian conspiracy. Do not let its dupes or minions scare you out of this by shouting "red-baiter," "reactionary," "hide-bound conservative," etc. The distinction between "radical" and "conservative" has no relevance to this situation. The question is whether you believe in democracy so far as we have developed it in America, or whether you want to throw it over for the dictatorship of a party and its leader.

(2) Check up very cautiously on any organization, enterprise, pub-

lication or meeting which features the name of a known communist or fellow traveller. Donald Ogden Stewart, Rockwell Kent, Corliss Lamont, Paul Robeson, Anna Louise Strong, Ruth McKenney, Ella Winter, Franz Boas, Congressman Vito Marcantonio, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, Dashiell Hammett, Lion Feuchtwanger, Harry Bridges, George Seldes, Michael Quill, Margaret Bourke-White, Erskine Caldwell, Dorothy Parker, Muriel Draper, Theodore Dreiser, Leane Zugsmith, Leo Huberman, William Gropper — it may be that none of these people belong to the Communist Party, but wherever their names are played up in a political “cause,” you may suspect that a party nucleus is at work in the underground.

(3) If the names of those actually sponsoring an organization leave you in doubt, demand the addition to the list of someone well known as a critic of Soviet Russia or an opponent of Stalin’s American power. Exclusion of an outspoken anti-communist from a movement alleged to be for ends which he would naturally endorse,

is evidence that a party nucleus is at work.

(4) Test all enterprises, organizations, publications and meetings which profess democratic aims by demanding an unqualified public repudiation not only of Hitler, fascism and Nazism, but of the Communist Party and Stalin’s totalitarian regime in the Soviet Union.

(5) Don’t denounce the communists as radicals. There will always be radicals in every healthy society. The Stalinists know that and their chief aim is to get themselves identified as those radicals. That is why they save their worst venom for those who oppose them from the left. They want radicalism identified with totalitarian control. They want to make the masses believe that there is no such thing as a militantly progressive American — above all in the trade unions — who doesn’t take orders from Moscow. Don’t play into their hands by denouncing them as “radicals.” Call them what they are — totalitarians, agents of Stalin’s power, conspirators against the democratic way of life.





► *A plea for robust, living culture
instead of cemeteries of art.*

OUR DECADENT ART MUSEUMS

BY THOMAS CRAVEN

IN THE third century before Christ, after Athens had fallen and Greece had lost her productive force, the center of intellectual life moved to Egypt. There, in Alexandria, the rendezvous of international traders in culture, the first art museum was established and in its marble sanctuaries were formulated the first precepts and devotionals of academic method. The museum, which contained the largest library of antiquity, was a conservatory of effeminate esthetes who imagined they were Greeks because they gabbled in Greek and imitated Hellenic forms.

They made a holy show of themselves, parading about the town in jewels and fine linen, and lording it over the common people. They reduced poetry to an abstract science, painting to the status of mythology's handmaiden. Painting was degraded to such a level, in fact, that its favorite subject became the hermaphrodite. The one and only creative voice in the entire history of Alexandria was the song of an outsider, Theocritus, who was

neither esthete nor academician, but a goatherd from Sicily. He refused to imitate Homer and instead celebrated the natural passions of rustics and their girls with idylls of immortal charm, composing only a couple of hymns to homosexual love in order to be in the good graces of the museum directors.

Alexandria of that era is a long way from Chicago, Kansas City and New York of today. Or is it?

For a number of years the United States has been suffering from a debauch of museum building. No town is so poor that it cannot afford a house of art and a collection of shopworn antiquities. Horse traders and sportsmen, bankers and aluminum pluggers, dime store merchants, publishers of newspapers and patent medicine manufacturers — every dying millionaire who covets a memorial to his vanity — all these endow museums, cram them with specimens more or less genuine of classical art, and hire directors to educate the people into the secrets of higher values. In

point of fact, these directors are stifling indigenous expression in the fine arts.

The art world of America is ruled by a snobbish hierarchy which approves only the imitative or the remote. With the proliferation of museums and the call for specialists to administer them; with the enormously enlarged art departments in our universities and the demand for more and more professors, a priesthood has come forward which may be properly defined as Alexandrian. This priesthood is sterile and infested with inverts. Its standards of value have been evolved in a monastic study of canonized forms. It is, in the main, ignorant of American life and cares nothing for America's cultural needs.

The biological irregularity of the cult is only one of its interesting aspects. Abnormalities seem to thrive in museum life as maggots thrive in organic rot. If certain leading museum directors of our country were assembled in a body, any healthy American boy would immediately brand them as sissies — and the few females among them as entirely too manly. The retired, protected nature of the life, with its opportunities for ambiguous and secretive control of the underlings and the psychological

tendency of homosexuals toward esthetic exhibitionism, have rendered museums especially tempting to inverts. Their presence in the field and their inordinate influence in it are results of public indifference to the conduct of museums. People are not excited by historic items, however scarce or beautiful, unless the display bears directly on their common interests. Like Huckleberry Finn, they "don't take no stock in the dead."

But the founders of museums have not considered the common sense of the public. The criterion of museum authorities is rarity, not vitality, and their policy is to collect the extremely dead and latterly the exotic novelties of a played-out Europeanism. The museum industry, as it stands today, represents the conviction that culture is a quality in which the average man can have no real part, that artists who speak the language of America are vulgar and fraudulent. The patrons and administrators of museums, generally speaking, are parvenus who confuse culture with affected manners. These aspirants to gentility are the dupes of inverted directors, designing teadrunkards and socially ambitious women. The more intelligent and realistic among them — and there are several — secretly prefer an art

closer to their own lives than something dug up in China or imported from Paris. But they are hopelessly outnumbered. They have no defense against the cultivated gibberish thrown at them by the hierarchy.

Even American university life, in its relation to art, is infected by the same kind of congealed and priceless gentility. Two-by-four classicists, proud old paint-worms and jealous academicians in love with their seniority, talk about culture as if it were inaccessible to a democratic nation. They influence the young to scorn all native artists who perform with originality and a knowledge of American values. The only American artists whom they condescend to praise are colonial-minded copyists of European styles.

The museum blight is not regional in character. One might believe that the homely middle west, at least, would have no part of peculiar social conduct in its institutions, but it is a plain fact that the museums of this locale offer, at the moment, the most fertile ground in the nation for the growth of noxious and perverted mental attitudes. Consider, for example, the case of a city lying square in America's breadbasket, a city famous for its bawdy toughness and raffish vitality which has

nevertheless contrived to balance its low and vulgar spirit with a certain solid respectability. Its men may be dull, but they are men; its women are unmistakably feminine. An enterprising businessman, who had extracted a considerable fortune from this city and desired to be remembered by it, presented an art museum to the community a few years ago and his gift was welcomed with hosannahs from the upper classes of society, who were beginning to yearn for less material forms of expression than bank clearings and cattle butchery.

The museum was dedicated in customary fashion to the rare and conspicuous. Its outside was inscribed all over with lush and lofty quotations about art and beauty. To safeguard its inside from vulgarity, the terms of the endowment included the usual thirty-year clause forbidding the purchase of works by living artists. A crew of Alexandrians and private art dealers promptly stocked the galleries and prescribed the ambiguous ceremonials of appreciation. The museum flourished. Today it is rich and celebrated, a huge architectural monstrosity filled with shiny marble and polished statuary and controlled by people with similarly polished mental attitudes. In this mausoleum, so utterly at

variance with the actual character of the town, so unrepresentative of its honest cultural strivings, are exemplified most of the evils and absurdities of the museum industry in the United States.

The objects in this museum, paintings and sculptures alike, are not even presented as straightforward antiquities gathered for their technical and historical values. They are doctored and treated and look as if they had been manufactured yesterday. Not long ago the fragments of an ancient relief were procured by the directors. Intelligent students of the history of art would have been quite content with a simple showing of the fragments. But this was insufficient for the current museum mind and a pair of local sculptors were hired to put the pieces together, supply the missing parts, paint them up, and assemble a complete work of ancient art. When the sculptured horror was placed on view, it was applauded by the town's elect as a mark of great cultural distinction.

The procedure was in keeping with the general practice of mutilating historical objects in the name of restoration. This infamous distortion of function is spreading at an alarming rate. In universities where courses in museum training are given, more emphasis is placed

on the business of restoration than on creative art. The professors and the effeminate males in museums are combining to destroy what is perhaps the most important function of the museum: the presentation of the history of the past in authentic form so that modern practitioners may profit by its lessons.

II

The sins of these institutions are not only affecting our concepts of history but are thwarting the building of our own cultural forms by the insinuation of standards inimical to genuine art. Protected by the power of their moneyed respectability, and by local newspapers cringing before the possibility of scandal in high places, puny men, some of them weaklings, others inverted, have increased mightily in arrogance and are now making the rules — telling their betters what is what in the matter of art appreciation. And woe to the artist who dares to oppose them! They will turn on him and revile him and blacklist him.

The critics employed by the press — and every little town in America now has an art critic — fall conveniently under the sway of the museums and write their trivi-

alities more or less under the dictation of the directors. The run of them, needless to say, are incredibly dull; without training or scholarship. Most of them do not know a tone from a color. They are frustrated playwrights, broken-down actors, or she-reporters who failed in the more active branches of journalism. But for all their limitations, they have an effect on young artists struggling for a foothold. Under the influence of the museum staffs, the critics present culture in the accepted museum style as a business of collecting, imitating and memorizing. They may esteem themselves as emancipated thinkers, but their habits of appreciation and their language patterns are conditioned by the sources of their information, the museums and their publications. In more than twenty-five years of experience, I have encountered few critics who took the trouble to make friends with the leading exponents of American art, or to understand what they are driving at.

The shortcomings of museum directors and the critics are not confined to a neurotic preoccupation with the ancient and the theoretical. These people are equally in arrogant bad taste when they deal with what is modern and functional. For example, in New York

there is a museum which may be described as a modernist version of an Alexandrian bazaar. In this glittering citadel of decadence, the catchpenny wares of latter-day French art are exhibited as the loftiest manifestations of the human spirit. From New York, the exhibitions are dispatched to the provinces to enlighten the American people in their quest for beauty. This museum has become the most fashionable and the most pernicious agent in America for the promulgation of snobbish and esoteric values. Few read and fewer understand its publications. They are monographs written in a lingo invented by the scribes of Ptolemy Philadelphus. But the wealth of the place, the shop-window exhibitionism and the surrealist nonsense appeal to all climbing Americans who would restrict the practice and appreciation of art to a few soft and precious souls. Under the illusion that it has been offering the latest things from Paris, like the smart shops on Fifth Avenue, the museum has actually been in the business of glorifying a decadent modernism.

In every part of the globe sinister powers are on the march. They are dark and brutish, but they are not destitute of psychological insight. They understand the strength of

an education which binds the young together in a brotherhood of zealots with faith in their land and kind. They know the unifying value of cultural self-confidence, and the desperate need for a people to speak the language of self-belief. Their ideals are not ours; we hate them and repudiate them and soon we may attack them by forces of arms. But what do we set against them?

Art reflects the state of the living world — the confidence and joy of men and women, the qualities and convictions of the human spirit. That is why the character of our museums is important not alone to artists and art critics but to every American. If art is decadent, there is every reason to look for growing decadence in the society which produces it. If art is retired from public life into the hands of technical theorists and esthetes of the ivory tower, it is an indication of the moral softening of the social environment in which it normally thrives.

One has only to look at the art of France. Steadily withdrawing from the common life of the people for the past twenty-five years, it had become the special property and the commercial asset of the strangest conglomeration of esthetes in modern times. I have written of

this art time and again, insisting that in spite of its technical cleverness, it contained the germs of rottenness. I have said, with all the temper at my command, that the contemporary art of France was the voice of a dying people. Today the death warrant is written on the walls of the ivory tower in an arabesque of blood.

As crowning evidence of the end of the glory that was France, I shall point out that the most celebrated members of the modern School of Paris, Picasso included, are living in the occupied capital; that every one of them is *persona grata* to the Nazi overlords; that André Derain, in all but name, is court painter to the conquerors; that the noble painters whose hearts once bled for French art are now playing into the hands of the Germans, who grant them special privileges and buy their pictures with money extorted from the French people.

But while the art of France lies dying, it is gratifying to remember that a new art has appeared in America — a strong and varied expression, deeply rooted in local impulses and frankly devoted to the interests of plain American people. This art, maturing in the work of such men as Grant Wood, Charles Burchfield, Thomas Hart Benton,

John Steuart Curry and Reginald Marsh, has flourished in spite of the malicious assaults of museum directors, academicians and critics. If its growth is to continue, those elements of society which protect and support art must discard their pretentious habits and their fear of cultural originality. They must cast out the sickly functionaries now in positions of power. They must recognize that a nation's art, as Leonardo da Vinci said, is its soul and that no people ever achieved a national expression without boldly declaring themselves and without putting down the detractors.

The men mentioned above are among the most influential figures in our new art. Their example has stimulated young people to independent action; their art and their ideas have been the real educational forces which have captured the public and discouraged imitation. Young artists everywhere are now exploring new worlds of experience and are building new forms. Today American art is active, far more active and creative than in the past. But it is carrying a tremendous burden — the dead weight of provincialism, the accumulating obstruction of little men with no courage or vision, who live their barren lives apart from the swift current of American life.

American art is a living reality. The people acknowledge it; the young applaud it and put their faith in it. Only those who control the business of art, in its institutions, remain with the academicians and look backward perversely to the infirm and the dead. John Curry is not yet accepted in Kansas, to cite an outstanding example of obstructionism. When the universities of that state had an opportunity to use Curry, they turned him down. And in much the same manner, the esthetes of Kansas City have ousted Thomas Benton from the Art Institute which, by his own efforts, he lifted from obscurity to nation-wide distinction.

If the museum racket is perverted and murky, the issues it has raised are straightforward and clear. Will the present war bring to us a second resurgence of the creative spirit and a final victory over academic critics, colonial-minded artists and androgynist directors? Are we to be Americans, with faith in our own culture and its expressions, willing to defend our art and encourage it and thus unite a nation? Or shall we become the cultural appendage of another world, lamenting a noble art that was allowed to die when it had only begun to live?

► *The problem — and the tragedy —
of our Nipponese fellow-citizens.*

AMERICA'S 150,000 JAPANESE

BY ERNEST O. HAUSER

JAPANESE-AMERICANS are on the spot and they know it. Suspicion, accusations and open threats are closing in on them. All along the Pacific Coast, where practically all of the 150,000 descendants of Nippon reside, they are gravely charged with plotting against the United States. Alarmist patriots have figured it all out: when the Pacific zero hour strikes, Japanese-Americans will get busy at once. Their fishing boats will sow mines across the entrances of our ports. Mysterious blasts will destroy navy shipyards and flying fields and part of our fleet. Oil wells, situated near inconspicuous plots where Japanese truck gardeners tend their tomatoes, will turn into blazing torches. Sierra passes and tunnels will be blocked. To add the final demoniacal touch, Japanese farmers, having a virtual monopoly of vegetable production in California, will send their peas and potatoes and squash full of arsenic to the markets, throwing the population into panic. Fantastic figments of overheated imaginations? Yet

there is some fire under the heavy smoke, and it is better to sift the facts now, before excitement blurs our judgment.

Of the 150,000 Japanese in this country, some 100,000 are *Nisei*, second-generation (it is pronounced nee-say). They are the sons and daughters of the "old folks" who came across the Pacific in the early years of this century, to work in railroad construction gangs and farms. They, the *Nisei*, are the unknown quantity which makes the problem so delicate and so hard to solve. They are young, the oldest in their early thirties, the great majority just growing into adulthood, the average age twenty-one. While the "old folks" remain aliens on our soil, excluded by law from American citizenship, the boys and girls of the second generation are full-fledged Americans by right of birth. They can vote, own property, be elected to office; there is no legal barrier to keep a *Nisei* from becoming President of the United States. *Nisei* Japanese are serving in the American Army. And while

the "old folks" are gradually fading out of the picture, fresh immigration being cut off by the Exclusion Act of 1924, the Nisei are taking their place in a hostile and suspicious world.

No doubt, Japanese-Americans suffer. But, strangely enough, they suffer less from suspicion and persecution on the part of white Americans than from the stupid and persistent meddling with their lives by the Japanese Government. If you are a Nisei, walking down First Street in Los Angeles on some business errand, you had better watch out for the click of a small camera in the hands of a young Japanese across the street. And you would be surprised indeed to find your portrait neatly attached to a card in the secret files of the Japanese Consulate. These files are fairly complete, by now — in fact, the Japanese authorities took a census of all Japanese-Americans not long ago — and contain vital information.

What advantage can Tokyo possibly derive from these secret files? Ah — it is very simple, please. Should Bob Ishii or Bill Ohara do or say something disloyal to Japan, his ears will soon be twisted. If he has a little shop or restaurant catering to the Japanese public of Little Tokyo, fewer customers will cross

the threshold. If he is a lawyer, he will handle fewer cases. A whispering campaign will blacken his reputation, and a surprisingly effective boycott will ruin his business. This is what he gets for his "anti-Japanese attitude" — in the United States. If he should cross the Pacific to visit ancestral graves or to look after a bit of property left by an uncle, things that are worse than boycotts and whispering campaigns may await him.

With American-Japanese relations strained and brittle as they are, our fellow citizens of Japanese ancestry have received a growing amount of attention from across the seas. Every night, Japanese families will sit up in their homes in Salinas or in Brawley or in Fresno, and listen to the classic music and the gay entertainment that comes in over the Tokyo short-wave radio. Tokyo radio, throwing a special beam out to our west coast, is very subtle, please — only rarely, amidst classic music and gay entertainment, does it praise the sterling qualities of the Japanese soldier, with an American-born Lord Haw-Haw as announcer. Within this country, his lordship's subtleties are supported by speakers from Japan who come to address Japanese audiences in America. Eulogies of "valiant" Colonel Hashimoto,

under whose orders the American gunboat *Panay* was bombed and sunk in China, show up in the feature sections of California's Japanese press. Neatly printed leaflets impress Japanese-Americans with the muzzles of mighty naval guns under the flag with the Rising Sun.

What is the message of the propagandists? To some extent, it is Japanese-American friendship, and the Nisei's part in preserving it. Beyond that, there is a growing emphasis on Japan's invincibility in case this friendship should not be everlasting.

In some of California's 248 Japanese language schools the Japanese teachers will see to it that their Nisei pupils absorb the spirit of Nippon. While most of these schools today place an increasing emphasis on Americanism, some are still on the fence. In several instances the original textbooks, which had been approved by the California Board of Education, have been withdrawn quietly and replaced by the textbooks used in Japan. And American school children of Japanese ancestry will solemnly worm their way through a chapter on "Spring," which reads: "it is now spring. . . . Step by step, we are on the way up and our growing power, which is like the

sunrise, now has the youthfulness of spring. . . . You, young people, must realize the fact that the future of the Japanese Empire rests on your shoulders." Their teacher is a Japanese; often, especially in the remote Japanese communities up-country, he is the local Buddhist minister. Is it surprising that he tells those young Americans to sing Japan's national anthem, to worship the Emperor and, on festive occasions, even to bow to his picture?

II

Far more than the silken bonds of childhood tales and second-hand reminiscences hold the Nisei to Japan. Though American citizens all, about half of them still retain Japanese citizenship also, giving them dual status under the precarious protection of two flags. The legal situation (and every Nisei has the law at his fingertips) is this: until 1924, children of Japanese race were born as Japanese citizens, according to Japan's law, no matter where they were born. Then, Japan changed her citizenship law, and claimed only those children as her citizens who were registered by their parents with the Japanese consul.

True, anyone who holds dual

citizenship can go to the Japanese consul and "expatriate." An increasing number of Nisei are availing themselves of this privilege. But such expatriation is tricky, and often risky, business. To go through with it, you need, first of all, a lawyer. The lawyer will procure all the documents that are required, and valiantly attack the mountain of red tape that no layman could scale. When he is through, you have spent a few months of agony; you may have taken yourself and your family to the place of your birth; and you are likely to be a few hundred dollars poorer than you were before you started. Moreover, the Nisei who has cancelled his Japanese citizenship is a dead person — as far as the land of the Rising Sun is concerned. A large red cross is stamped upon his legal paper, just as upon the legal paper of one who has died. Forever after, Bill Ohara, being "dead," cannot own or inherit property, can have no rights in Japan. If there is a little patch of rice or mulberry land in the family, he foregoes all claims to it.

Here is dynamite; for both the United States and Japan can claim the services of Bill Ohara as long as he is a citizen of both nations. Every year around Christmas time the boys of military age file into

the office of the Japanese consul and fill in a form blank, asking to be excused, for another year, from serving with the Mikado's army. If they neglect to do so, the Imperial War Office in Tokyo will check up on them and hale them before the consul! Some of the Nisei boys, who went to Japan to study or to look for jobs, actually were drafted into the Japanese army. Although such enlistment now automatically cancels their American citizenship, this was not so in 1937, when Japan invaded China.

And the reverse of the medal: full-fledged subjects of the Mikado are serving in American training camps. Such enlistment does not interfere with their status as Japanese citizens according to the laws of Japan. When selective service was instituted here, many Nisei volunteered and there are some five hundred American rookies of Japanese blood serving under the Stars and Stripes by now, many of whom are Japanese citizens as well. Their American superiors are full of praise, for the boys make excellent soldiers, and their Japanese parents are dizzy with pride. Wasn't it the highest honor for a thousand years in Japan to have a boy in the army? The send-off parties for Nisei draftees are memorable affairs.

Where does the Nisei stand? Have the pressure and the propaganda to which he is exposed flexed his soul? If you ask those whose business it is to keep an eye on our Japanese compatriots, they will tell you that at least fifty out of every hundred Nisei are loyal Americans, loyal to the point where they would fight and die for the United States even if the enemy were Japan. Another twenty-five are "passively" loyal, i.e., indifferent with a marked preference for the Stars and Stripes over the Rising Sun. The remaining twenty-five are doubtful, with probably more supporters of the American than of the Japanese way of life. The number of actively disloyal Nisei, in other words, is small.

Loyalty, for a Nisei, is a very concrete and tangible thing. It is not something that comes to him without thinking, something that can be taken for granted; it is, rather, something that he has to fight for every minute of every day. If American citizens of Japanese descent insist that they are as American as their white compatriots, these latter are likely to snap back, "That's what *you* think!" The sons and daughters of European immigrants can move uptown quietly and be absorbed by American society, but the benefit

of the melting pot is denied to the Nisei. Despite full legal equality, his face and his name still stamp him as a "Jap"; and with helpless envy, Bill Ohara looks upon the apostrophe which seems to give his Irish friend O'Hara a passport to happiness. Even the brightest Nisei college graduate discovers that most American employers will not look at his diploma but at his face. The M.A. or Ph.D. will give up the disheartening search and satisfy himself with a puny job in a Japanese fruit market.

To make the Nisei's life still more uncomfortable, there are those Americans who see a spy in every Japanese barber, who take down the license number of every Japanese car parked near a dam or a power house, who report every Japanese who takes a picture of Los Angeles from the top of Mt. Wilson. These well-meaning Americans do not consider that the "spy" could buy that bird's-eye view of Los Angeles in any photo shop, better than he could get it with his own camera. They do not consider that it would take a good many months to transform a fishing vessel into a torpedo boat. And they do not consider that their own efforts, by making the Nisei feel miserable and hunted, may play into the hands of Japanese propagandists.

Because of the impossibility of "moving uptown" and becoming fully appreciated Americans, most Nisei today believe that their economic future lies in an in-between position. If they want good jobs in America, they are most likely to find them with Japanese employers — branch offices of Japanese shipping lines, banks or import firms — and they will have to speak Japanese as well as English to hold such jobs. This is the argument for continuation of the Japanese language schools, where four out of five Japanese children are enrolled. But the boys and girls speak English among themselves, and they speak English in the public schools; when they emerge, after eight years of Japanese instruction, Japanese is still a difficult foreign language to them. So their worried parents often send them to Japan to go to college over there and to learn whatever it takes to hold one of the "in-between" jobs. In Japan, the youngsters face a merciless society that reprimands them for the most trifling mistakes: they do not know when to bow, and how many times; they do not know what polite phrases to use on the proper occasion, and they suffer from the deficiencies of the Japanese diet. Many return unhappier than before.

III

There are at present well over 15,000 American-born Japanese in Japan. (Accurate statistics are not available; some estimate the figure to be as high as 50,000.) Most of them were sent over there when they were babies, to grow up under the loving care of an uncle or aunt until their hardworking parents would come back from America. A good many suddenly discovered their American citizenship when they were summoned for physical examination at the barracks; they returned posthaste. Those who are bent on staying face the loss of their American citizenship according to the revised American citizenship law which went into effect on January 13, 1941. But the thousands who have found their way back to this country, the *Kibei* ("returned to America") are the crux of the whole problem.

These Kibei, returning to this country with American passports, are, to all intents and purposes, Japanese. They have spent their childhood and their adolescence in Japan. They think in Japanese and they speak Japanese. They are imbued with the spirit of Nippon, with its strong elements of loyalty to the Emperor and to the Rising Sun. What would be easier for

Japan's military and naval authorities than to send some of them over here with appropriate instructions? This suspicion may be frequently, perhaps mostly, ill-founded. Such was the case of the Kibei draftee who spent his leisure time in a California training camp sitting by himself, reading Japanese magazines and detective stories. When some of the other boys started to question him, they found that he would have given his shirt to be in on their talk and their crap games, but his knowledge of English was limited to military commands and a few swear words. Many a Kibei, glad to have escaped the regimented and narrow atmosphere of Japan, is a patriotic American.

What does all this add up to? Should those 150,000 Japanese in our midst be looked at with suspicion, should they be dealt with as a dangerous group, as a threat to America's national security? Unquestionably such a verdict would be unfair. The men and women who till their fields in California's Imperial Valley are loyal to the soil which gives them good crops, even if they speak Japanese among themselves and even if their word for *Imperial Valley* has a prefix used only in connection with His Heavenly Majesty in Tokyo. The men who work on the sturdy fishing

boats along the American coast are loyal to the country in whose ports they can sell their catch for good dollars, even if they may occasionally hoist the Rising Sun well outside the three-mile limit, for old times' sake.

Their loyalty is founded on more than the emotional appeal of our way of life. It is linked up with their substantial stake in America's economic life. Most of the tomatoes and the asparagus, the celery and the carrots, the strawberries and all the cauliflower we eat are produced by Japanese farmers who could "monopolize" those crops because they were willing to work hard for little profit. They still are satisfied if they clear a profit once in every five years and they will work with their entire families from sunrise to sundown. Their crops are worth some fifty million dollars every year. Add to this the sixteen million dollars made annually in the flower industry. Add the investments of individuals, from George Hasuike, who arrived here twenty-two years ago with a few dollars in his pocket and who now owns a chain of forty-five "supermarkets" throughout Southern California, to farmer Minami, who cultivates some 3000 acres of truck crops ("the world's largest vegetable farm") near Guadalupe, and

to Joe Shinoda, whose Oakland greenhouse is California's second largest. Add the investment in Japanese hotels and restaurants, the stores and the shops in "Li'l Tokyo," and the stake of the Nisei lawyers and doctors and dentists who do business with their owners. America's Japanese are not rich, but they have proved their ability to make good in strange and foreign surroundings and under most unfavorable circumstances. Some of their life histories, indeed, are typical American success stories. As a group, those 150,000 men and women are nothing to be afraid of.

The actively disloyal elements among our West Coast Japanese are men *sent across the Pacific for the express purpose* of serving the Japanese Government. Their presence explains a good many strange phenomena; it explains the fact that Japanese fishing boats appear out of nowhere whenever the fleet is engaged in maneuvers; it explains the fact that American oil and other essential war materials find their way to Japan despite the embargo; it explains the fact that, at one of the recent send-off parties for Nisei draftees, two of these American soldiers boasted that they would point their guns at their American officers rather than the enemy, if the enemy were Japan.

To spot these men, who are carefully "planted" among the 150,000 American-Japanese, is the job of America's anti-sabotage and counter-espionage organizations. Their pictures (some of them in their Japanese uniforms) are kept on file by the FBI whose policy, at present, is to watch them closely, since premature arrest might save some of their accomplices.

It is the presence of those relatively few, actively disloyal elements that casts a shadow upon the Japanese community as a whole. Our Japanese communities happen to be strategically placed. Center of the Japanese fishing business is the port of San Pedro, where an entire Japanese village sprawls next door to the new eighteen-million dollar naval base on Terminal Island. Some 40,000 American-Japanese live within the metropolitan area of the prize city of Los Angeles, with its oil refineries and aircraft factories. This is embarrassing and dangerous. And if you talk with the presumptive fifth columnists, you can see the fear in their dark and slanting eyes and some of the more loquacious youngsters may even tell you, with forced flippancy, that they are on a diet — getting ready for concentration camp.

But if they are frank with you

they will say, quietly and firmly, that they are here to stay and that they will stick it through. In the face of much hostility and suspicion, and in the teeth of much bewildering propaganda from the old country, *the overwhelming majority of young and old Japanese-Americans stand with the United States.* And they hope that the Nisei's children, the third generation, who are no

longer sent to Japanese language schools, who are no longer registered with the Japanese consul, who will not know a single word of Japanese, will be given those opportunities that are still withheld from their parents. They also hope that the brave new world, which is their country now, will judge them by their deeds — not by the color of their skin.

SUNKEN LAND

HOLDING his hand, she laid her dreams aside;
They were good dreams, but his were in the way,
Filling their pathway though the lane was wide,
And she could think of hers another day.
Holding his hand, she laid away her dreams
And let love's tidal waters flood her heart
So overmuch it washed away the seams
And thrust the insulated walls apart.

And all her dreams lay like a sunken land,
Atlantis — lost, forgotten, undersea —
But there were times when he withdrew his hand,
When tides would ebb until lost spires were free;
And towers, turrets, long submerged would flame
Breathlessly bright again — until he came —

—ETHEL BARNETT DE VITO

HANDOUT

A Story

BY JOHN D. WEAVER

THEY picked the blackberry seeds from their teeth, sucking in the last of the blackberry taste. The pie had left a sticky warmth in their mouths. They were thirsty.

"Just owney one trouble with that'r pie," Brick said.

Hank, sprawled out on the floor of the old freight car, broke a yellow straw, waiting.

"Trouble with that'r pie," Brick said, "was they wan't enough of it."

Hank made a pillow of his finger-locked hands, resting his head in the cupped palms.

"What's the most pie you ever ate?" Hank said. "At one time, I mean."

"I doan know," Brick said, in his slow, velvety Mississippi drawl. "I'd have to think back."

"I ate three whole pies one time," Hank said. "Fellow bet me."

"I could eat three, I reckon," Brick said. "Nobody never bet me."

"Fellow said he bet I couldn't

eat three whole pies," Hank said, brushing the bits of straw from his hand. "There was two custards and a cherry."

"I like cherry," Brick said.

"I like custard," Hank said.

The prairie heat was already working through the slits of rottenness in the narrow boards of the freight car. Hank rolled back from the open door, burrowing into the cool darkness of the far corner. Hank always felt the heat more than Brick. Hank was from the North. The heat never bothered Brick much, long as he didn't have to stir around in it.

"It's gonna be worse than yesterday," Brick said.

"Couldn't be worse than yesterday," Hank said.

With the sun glaring up from the rails, they'd covered nearly twenty miles of track, their stomachs throbbing with the hollowness of hunger. About dusk they'd hobbled up to an abandoned way station, not uncommon in the ranch.

country. On a siding which forked away to the southeast three or four old freight cars had been left to rot in the prairie heat. They'd crawled into the first car, kicked off their shoes and, after rubbing some of the cinder soreness from their feet, they'd slept, Brick sprawled out like a half-open duffle bag, Hank curled up like a just-fed puppy.

Awakened early next morning by the sun, Brick had slid down from the car and, leaving Hank still doubled up, he'd explored the flat, dry land stretching out in an infinity of rank prairie growth. The small, once-yellow station house apparently had been unused for many years. The benches in the waiting room had been ripped from the floor, evidently hacked for kindling. An axe had bit into the partition separating the passengers' room from the ticket agent's cubbyhole. Brick stepped out into the shade of the long overhang. There was no evidence of life on the unending flatness, not even a lizard. The land was like the back of an old skillet. Brick climbed up on the loading dock, shading his eyes with his flattened hand, staring out at patches of high wild mustard, the leaves powdered with a fine gray dust. For the first time he noticed a thin corkscrew of smoke boring into the white sky. The

gray spiraling was almost invisible against the glare of the prairie. Brick jumped down from the dock, lumbering toward the smoke, his throat pinched with thirst. A slant-roofed shack squatted lopsidedly in the thick-growing prairie grass. The smoke was thinning up from a lean-to kitchen. Brick crept closer, the smell of burning wood hanging over him. He kept his back flat to the outer wall, feeling his way with his hands. A large Negro woman in a faded gingham workdress was cooking at an old kitchen range with shiny feed-door handles. She had set a blackberry pie and a pan of corn bread on the window ledge to cool. She was humming.

Brick had eaten the corn bread first, then he'd taken the pie to Hank to divide. They shared everything fifty-fifty, even the dollar Hank had found in Kansas City. The pie juice was soothing to Brick's flannel throat after the pan of corn bread. Brick didn't mention the corn bread to Hank.

"You know what'd be good?" Brick said.

Hank shook his head.

"Coffee," Brick said. "A cup of coffee."

"Go back there and tell the woman you want some coffee to kind of wash her pie down."

Brick grinned. He had red hair

and a heavily freckled face. When he grinned the freckles all ran together.

"Maybe she'd give us some coffee," Hank said. "Maybe if we just went up and asked her, she'd give us a cup of coffee."

"I'd feel mighty funny," Brick said. "Astin' a nira woman for somepun to eat."

"What's the difference between asking, and just taking?"

"It's different, all right."

"I don't see how."

"You weren't raised in Missisippi."

"No," Hank said, thinking of Brick and that town in Kansas, a sleepy summer morning, Brick striding along whistling, glancing in the Main Street windows, and all of a sudden his face got red under his freckles, and he cussed and pointed across the street at a group of Sunday School children, the white children and the colored children strolling along together, laughing and swinging their arms, white and brown, all going to church together. Same church.

"In Missisippi," Brick said, "a white man doan ast a nira for somepun. He just takes it."

"Don't the law get after him?"

Brick chuckled. "You ain't spent much time in Missisippi," Brick said.

Hank licked his tongue over the front of his teeth. All the pie taste had gone. And he was still hungry, especially for coffee.

"I tell you what we could do," Hank said. "I'll ask the woman for coffee."

"Well," Brick said, thinking it over, squinting his thick, reddish brows.

"I'll tell her we're hungry and would she mind giving us a cup of coffee if she's got it handy. You won't have to do a thing except drink the coffee when she brings it to you."

"I done a lotta things," Brick said, sitting up, scratching his fuzzy hair, "but I never set down and et with a nira."

He shrugged and hopped out of the car. Hank sprang down after him, and they started up the siding, walking between the rails, their stride adjusted to the placing of the ties. They would take one long step, then two short ones, their legs swinging along in an uneven rhythm.

"I don't like the looks of this land," Hank said, biting his underlip the way he always did when he started having fun with Brick.

"Too flat," Brick said.

"Ain't only that," Hank said. "There ain't any good trees for lynchings."

"That's a lotta stuff," Brick said, "all that lynching talk. Hell, I grew up in Mississippi and I never heard of a lynching anywhere around our county, except once they tried to string up a nigra buck that was getting fresh with white girls, and the sheriff stopped 'em. So they shot him. The nigra, I mean, not the sheriff."

"I always heard you couldn't put on long pants in the South till you'd lynched at least one nigger," Hank said.

"A nigra's much better off in the South than in the North," Brick said. "People down home understand 'em. You got to know nigras to handle 'em."

Brick slouched along in his slow, lazying shuffle, his blunt-toed shoes scuffing the cinders. Hank liked to get Brick started on Negroes and when the argument flared up, Brick would get mad and his freckled face would flush tomato-colored and he'd say, "All right, dammit, suppose some nigra come around wanting to marry your sister?" And Hank would always say, "Both my sisters married nigger men." Hank didn't have any sisters, really.

"If a nigra knows his place, he gets treated fine in the South," Brick said. "Just like you'd take care of a good bird dog."

II

Hank rapped on the door, a corrugated sheet of metal reinforced by three strips of wood forming a Z inside. The Negro woman opened the door part way, suspicion and fear in her eyes, large and brown, like a cow's.

"What you want?" she said.

"We're hungry," Hank said. "We thought you might have a cup of coffee around close by."

"What you doin' way off here next to nowhere?"

"We're heading west," Hank said. "We slept in one of the cars."

The Negro woman hesitated, then opened the door. Hank stepped in briskly, smiling his thanks. Brick frowned and followed him. Hank took his hat off and laid it on the table by the Bible. Brick left his hat on.

"Hafta bile me some water," the Negro woman said.

Hank sat down at the table. Brick leaned in the doorway opening from the square room into the lean-to kitchen. The heat from the wood stove wrapped around them like a heavy wool blanket.

"Goin' far?" the Negro woman asked.

"California," Hank said.

"Thas far," the Negro woman said. She grinned, measuring out

the coffee. "Reckon thas 'bout as far's you could go."

"Less you want to swim," Hank said.

"Whas th' matter with your fren," the Negro woman said. "Doan he want'r set down?"

"I'm awright," Brick said. He didn't like the woman. Fresh.

"Nice little place you got here," Hank said.

"It does," the Negro woman said.

"You raised around here?" Hank asked.

"No," the Negro woman said, "no, we come from Georgia, my husban' and me, come out the same year Pres'dunt Hardin' died. I know it was the same year cause a man with one eye come along one day sellin' extracts, and he ast us did we know the Pres'dunt was daid, said he died of somepun he et."

"That was 1924," Hank said.

"No," Brick said, "1923."

"You sure?"

"Yeah. Thas the year I got out of Leavenworth."

"My husban' got his leg cut off workin' for th' railroad company in Georgia," the Negro woman said, "an' they give him so much money then an' a little ever month, an' we come out here where we could live cheap."

She poured the boiling water for the coffee.

"My husban' useta work 'round th' little depot here," she said. "They doan use it any more." She buttered a half dozen cold biscuits. "They's big ranches all 'round here, an' folks useta come to th' depot to take th' train. Now they just drive their cars on to th' city."

She set two places at the square, homemade table. She motioned to Brick and he sat down across from Hank. He sugared his coffee and munched one of the biscuits, not troubling to break his in half like Hank. The coffee was strong and very hot. The heat was exciting to their stomachs.

"I'd of had pie for you," the Negro woman said, "owney somebody stole it."

"That's too bad," Hank said.

Brick stirred his hot coffee.

"An' corn bread," the Negro woman said. "I made me some fresh corn bread."

Hank frowned at Brick. Brick popped another biscuit in his mouth.

"I'm gittin' hungry watchin' y'all eat," the Negro woman said. She buttered some more biscuits, then poured herself a cup of coffee and sat down between Hank and Brick. Brick shifted his high-backed kitchen chair away from the table.

"My husban' couldn't live nowhere 'cept 'round railroad tracks," the Negro woman said. "He was a plumb crazy fool 'bout trains."

"I used to railroad in the South," Hank lied.

"Well, whatta you know." The Negro woman seemed pleased. "I've got so used to train sounds, I doan reckon I could git along without 'em now." She handed Brick another biscuit. With her bare black hand. "They's nothin' in th' world prittier'n a train whistle on a winter night, 'specially a long ways off. Ole train whistle gittin' closer and closer, then th' engine puffin' an' snortin' like a bull."

"A real railroad man never gets far away from railroad tracks," Hank said. "If he can help it."

"Now ain't that th' truf?"

The Negro woman got up from the table and hobbled into the square room. While she was gone Brick poured himself the last of the coffee. The Negro woman came back carrying a gold watch in her hand.

"You bein' a railroad man yourself," she said, beaming at Hank, "you'll be in'rested in this'r watch."

She handed the watch to Hank. He turned it over, shaking his head admiringly. On one side of the watch was a train engine with a

suggestion of endless track threading behind it. On the other side was engraved:

For
Harrison Purdum Carver
in
Everlasting Gratitude.
1920

"You know how come my husban' to git that?" the Negro woman said and when Hank shook his head, she drew her chair up to the table and laid her thick arms on the faded oilcloth. "He was out huntin' one day, an' he come 'cross this man'd shot hissef, an' Hair'son, thas my husban', Hair'son toted him all th' way to town. Eight'r ten miles, an' Hair'son toted him all th' way, never set 'im down once. Doctor wouldn't believe it, said it just wan't so."

She stirred the no longer hot coffee left in her cup.

"Th' man'd shot hissef was Mister McFarland," she said, "an' I guess they ain't a bigger railroad man in Georgia than Mister McFarland. Thas how come Hair'son to git th' watch, an' a year or so later when Hair'son had his accident an' got his leg cut off, he just sent a little note down to Mister McFarland, an' th' railroad company paid all th' hospital bills, an' give Hair'son a check for a thousand dollars, an' Mister McFarland

said he'd see to it we got a check ever month long's we lived."

"That was sure nice of him," Hank said.

"He's a real fine gent'mun, Mister McFarland."

Hank handed the watch back to her. She shined the heavy gold casing on the breast of her gingham dress.

"You know what that watch cost?" she said. "Two hunnert dollars."

"Think of that," Hank said.

"Lemme see it," Brick said, wiping the crumbs of the last biscuit from his mouth. He weighed the watch in his right hand. "Lotta gold in it," he said.

"I wouldn't take th' world an' all for that watch," the Negro woman said. "I ain't got much, an' since Hair'son died of th' snakebite I ain't had nobody to do for me, but poor's I am I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for that gold watch with Hair'son's whole name spelled out on it. Hair'son Purdum Carver. Hair'son's people all b'longed to th' Carvers 'fore th' war. Carvers was real quality."

"That's the best watch I ever saw," Hank said.

"You could put the works in a cheap case," Brick said, handing the watch back to the Negro woman. "Then you could sell the

gold. That's one hellofa lotta gold."

"They ain't made money enough to git this watch away from me," the Negro woman said. "Sleep with it under my pillow ever night." She held it up to her ear. "They's a kind of music in th' sound of it."

Hank pushed back from the table and drew himself up. He brushed the crumbs from his cotton shirt.

"I sure wish I had the money to pay you something," Hank said.

"Nothin' pleasures me more'n feedin' a couple railroad men," the Negro woman said.

"We want to get us a railroad job out in California," Hank said. "Once a fellow's railroaded, he don't like to do no other kind of work."

"Ain't you said it right?"

The Negro woman put the watch on the table by the sugar bowl. She rubbed her right palm on her shoulder, drying it, then shook hands with Hank. Brick brushed past her, squeezing around Hank. He put his hands in the pockets of his jeans.

"If y'all step along pritty keen," the Negro woman said, "you can hop a ride on that hotshot that waters just a half mile down the tracks. They's a heap of high mustard weeds along the tracks, and it ain't hard to hide."

"Thank you," Hank said. "We sure do thank you."

Brick tugged at Hank's jeans, jerking him toward the path.

"We better hurry up," Brick said. "We doan want'r miss that ride."

"Goes by here at 'leven six," the Negro woman said.

The kitchen clock said ten forty-seven.

"Well," Hank said, opening the front door, "we sure do thank you."

"Doan menshun it," the Negro woman said.

They walked as far as the tracks without saying anything. Hank was picking his teeth with a kitchen match.

"You feel any different," Hank said, "after eating at the same table with a colored woman?"

"Fell'r on the bum'll do just

about anything," Brick said, "but I never thought I'd set down next to a nigra and eat."

"You ate plenty," Hank said.

"Eating with a nigra," Brick said, shaking his head wonderingly. "Kind of makes a fell'r feel funny just to think about it."

"You try to stop worrying about it and get a move on," Hank said, chuckling.

"We got plenty of time," Brick said.

Hank stared at the glint of the prairie sun on the heavy gold watch in Brick's hand.

"Twelve, thirteen minutes yet," Brick said.

He slipped the watch back in his pocket, spitting out over the rails.

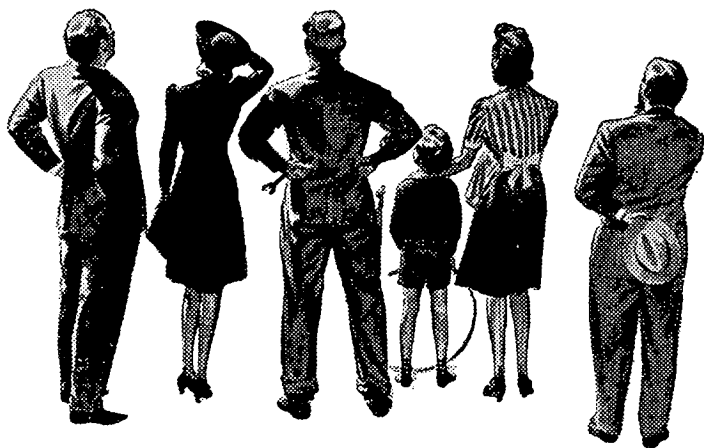
"In Mississippi," he said, "a nigra woman wouldn't think of setting down with a white man."

FOR CHRISTMAS EVE

The shelter of no other tree
Can quite so deeply solace me,
Nor any beacon burn so bright
As this one star, one tree, this night!

— VIRGINIA SCOTT MINER

How high is up?



PEOPLE sometimes ask us: "I make \$40 a week. How much life insurance should I own?"

That is a little like asking, "How high is up?" or "How long is a piece of string?" The only answer we know is: "It depends."

The amount of life insurance a man should own is a strictly individual problem. For example: Is he married? How many dependents has he? Does he own a home? Is it mortgaged? What is his occupation?

If a man is not married, he may not require so much protection as a man making the same income who is married and has four children. A man who owns a home may want to provide additional insurance to en-

able his widow to pay off a mortgage. These and a great many other considerations make it impossible to set forth statistics governing how much life insurance any particular man should own.

One man may find that a certain per cent of his income will buy the kind and amount of life insurance he should own, under his circumstances. His neighbor may find that this same per cent of income provides more than adequate protection.

That is why: "How much life insurance should I own?" can be answered intelligently only after a trained, experienced life insurance agent has made a study of each individual problem.

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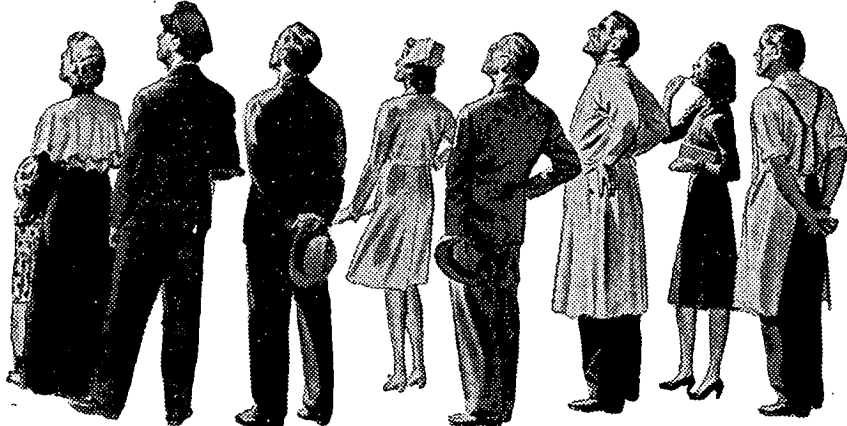
This is Number 44 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. Copies of preceding advertisements in this series will be mailed upon request.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company (A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

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1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.



► *Everybody's talking about it —
but here's what it's really like!*

I LIVED THROUGH AN INFLATION

BY HANS HABE

I KNOW the meaning of inflation. I lived through it.

When inflation burst upon Central and Eastern Europe, I was fourteen years old. My father was editor-in-chief of the Vienna *Boerse*, one of the Central European economic journals. He traveled constantly between Vienna, Berlin, Budapest and Prague. I often accompanied him.

Inflation began immediately after the first World War and reached its peak in 1923. Just as Gulliver lived in the land of the giants, so I spent my youth in the land of fantastic figures. Men were as small as dwarfs compared with the constantly increasing number of zeroes. Men grew smaller and smaller, while zeroes grew larger and larger.

Fourteen-year-old boys gambled on the Stock Exchange and became billionaires. In school the pupils read the stock quotations behind the teacher's back, instead of the sports page. At the age of fourteen, I knew that *Alpine* was the name of a steel stock, and that

the "strongest" Hungarian coal stocks were the *Salgotarjans*. In our class no one boasted of having made a goal in a football game, but everyone told how he had ordered "his" broker to buy five hundred shares of *Veitche Magnesite* or to sell short one thousand *Trifailer*. In the morning we went to school in short pants; in the afternoons, we stood in front of the blackboards of the Stock Exchange waiting to see whether Czech currency had dropped.

One morning the boy who sat next to me failed to appear in class. He was a shy, near-sighted fellow. We used to make fun of him on account of his big blue bow-tie. He was first in the class in Latin. The next day his father came to school with a black mourning band on his hat. We all rose. Our teacher informed us that our classmate, Paul Winter, had been a victim of unfortunate speculation. He had shot himself in the park the day before.

I had a cousin, a wastrel, whose name was mentioned only in a

whisper in front of the children. He had no regular income except for fifteen dollars a month that his brother sent him from America. All of a sudden this cousin of mine became the richest man in the family. A day came — in December 1923 — when one dollar was worth 22,200,000,000 marks. My profligate cousin received 330,000,000,000 marks for his fifteen dollars. I can still remember the morning he appeared in front of our house in his new Mercedes roadster. We were living in Vienna at the time and our wealthy cousin had come to pay us a visit. He invited me out for a ride. We wanted to go to the Feldmarshal Radetzky, a well-known restaurant about fifteen miles from the capital. But we did not get very far. Unemployed workers had scattered broken glass over the entire road. Fifteen miles meant at least six or seven flat tires. The unemployed stood laughing or swearing at the side of the road. The police hated both the unemployed and the motorists. Only the glass splinters served as a bridge between the classes.

At that time an old man lived on the second floor of our Berlin house. Even as a child I knew that he was an enthusiastic collector. Like all collectors, he liked the

process of collecting more than the objects. He collected everything: butterflies, trouser buttons, stamps, trolley car tickets. Now he collected only money. One day he showed me one of his large rooms entirely papered with billion mark bills. He also took me to the cellars of the Deutsche Notenbank where bills were printed. For at least an hour we walked along endless subterranean corridors between piles of billion and trillion mark bills. No one thought of stealing a couple of these bills; they had no value. Like an old, tired museum guide my friend explained: "There are four hundred printing presses in Germany which print money day and night. But woe betide us if the machine which has been set in motion ever stops!" I don't think I understood him at that time.

All this brought about what Nietzsche called the "transvaluation of values." When I was young, we spoke of currency smugglers in the same terms as an earlier generation had spoken of wild Indians. Instead of admiring Leatherstocking, we admired slick swindlers.

One incident is particularly fresh in my memory. At that time it was forbidden to export or import foreign currency. A pretty young woman met a respectable looking old gentleman on the train

from Vienna to Budapest. They were alone in a compartment. The man noticed the woman's growing nervousness as the train approached the border.

"Tell me what troubles you. You can trust me," said the respectable old gentleman.

"I am carrying one hundred dollars," said the elegant lady.

The old gentleman advised her to hide the money in the seat. She followed his advice. A few minutes later the train pulled in at the frontier station of Hegyeshalom. When the Hungarian customs officials came aboard, the man took one of them aside in the corridor and whispered something in his ear. The official came back to the compartment, pulled out the hidden bill and confiscated it. When the train left the station, the betrayed lady, angry and weeping, turned on the respectable old gentleman. But he quietly pulled out a crisp new hundred dollar bill and handed it to her.

"Please forgive my little trick," he said. "Here is your money. It was worthwhile for me to spend a hundred dollars to avoid being searched. I am carrying ten thousand dollars."

Such were the stories that inspired our youth.

The best trade in this period

was that of sign-painter. Every second store turned into a bank. Three weeks later the bank would be bankrupt and a night club would appear in its place. Business was like a mass migration.

Everyday life adjusted itself to the total depreciation of money. In February 1923, when we came to school with our second semester's tuition, we were sent home. The school refused to accept money. We were told to bring two pounds of coal instead. Some of the boys came back with the coal, but many did not return at all. They each had a few trillions of marks, but many could not afford a kilogram of coal. A former premier became a beggar on the Ringstrasse in Vienna. Three bemedalled officers polished shoes in front of the Church of Our Beloved Lady in Berlin. At that time one pound of sugar cost 74,000,000,000 marks.

The printing presses worked ceaselessly. Though efforts were made to keep step with the mounting prices by raising wages and rents, it was impossible to overtake those insane printing presses. Every month, and later every week, an index was published with the new price rises scientifically calculated. When the newspapers said that prices had "again gone up 300 per cent," the employers had

to raise wages 300 per cent. But the newspapers could not keep up with the money presses and the index was always far behind the real rise in prices. They went up not only because the currency was depreciated, but also because there was a demand for everything: alarm clocks, eider down, bathtubs, piping, or a carload of meat — for not even meat decayed as fast as money. Dresses and linen were offered in change for bread; the bakers refused to sell it for money. Long lines of women stood in front of the shops, but these lines were like the lines in front of pawnshops. Each person in the line held an "object." One had a bronze statue, another a perambulator, still another an accordion.

In December 1920, the circulation of banknotes reached eighty billion marks. They were worth \$1,307,000,000. Three years later, 497,000,000,000,000,000 marks were in circulation, but they were worth only \$114,000,000 — one eleventh of the amount for 1920.

In December 1921, wholesale prices were on the average thirty-five times higher than the year before the war. One year later, prices were 1500 times as high. Two years later, at Christmas 1923, they were 1,262,000,000 times higher than pre-war prices. The

cost of living was 1247 times as high in 1923 as in 1914. In December 1921, one mark was equivalent to one-half of an American cent. Two years later, one mark was worth 222 trillionths of an American cent. During the three years of inflation, four million men died of "undernourishment." In other words, they starved to death.

Such was the world which produced the generation that willed and made the second World War.

II

In all countries, revolution was born out of the earth of inflation, which created class antagonisms such as had never existed before.

From among the memories of my youth, from this Gulliver sojourn in the land of zeroes and millions, I choose the histories of two Berlin families: the family of Arthur Edel, the wine dealer in the Tauentzienstrasse, and the family of Rudolf Bauer, the accountant of the Nollendorfplatz.

Arthur Edel was a modest man who lived with his wife and children in a quiet, old-fashioned apartment with highboys and flowery wallpaper. He had never speculated in his life. But when inflation came to Germany, Arthur Edel closed his shop. He owned a

good stock of German and French wines. Instead of selling them wholesale he began to sell them by the bottle. In 1921, the price of a bottle of Veuve Clicquot was forty marks. In December, 1923, Arthur Edel got 3,000,000,000 marks for the same bottle of champagne.

Nor is this all. Arthur Edel slowly transferred his stocks abroad. He was no smuggler, this old wine dealer with hair close-cropped in the Prussian style, a scrofulous nose and a dangling watch chain. He smuggled two or three bottles of champagne a week across the border to Holland, where he sold them at \$4 a bottle. In 1924, when he returned from Amsterdam or Rotterdam carrying \$12 or \$15 in his toothpaste or shoes, he could have exchanged those greenish bills for a few trillion marks. But Arthur Edel kept his dollars. When he had amassed 250 of them, he bought one of the most beautiful houses in the richest section of Berlin, with a Rembrandt "thrown in."

This transaction was not exceptional. Houseowners were paid in paper money; when the owner lived on the fifth floor and the tenant on the first, the rent became valueless while the tenant brought it upstairs. The owners

were ruined. Between 1921 and 1925, Hugo Stinnes, the German inflation king, acquired no less than 1200 houses. For over one thousand of them he paid less than \$300 apiece. During the same period, Thyssen acquired four hundred houses. Both of them displayed much moral indignation over the inflation but their money paved Hitler's way to power.

Arthur Edel's family life underwent a radical change. His sixty-year-old wife began to dress in the latest fashion, bobbed her hair and shortened her skirts. Her husband, who had begun to speculate on a large scale, sat up every night waiting for the latest American stock quotations. Telephone booths were installed in the better night clubs, connecting them by direct wire with all the great financial centers. Arthur Edel would sit in his evening clothes, smoking a cigar, waiting to talk with London. He never danced himself, but was glad to see his "Mama" entertained by a gigolo whom she rewarded with a few million marks after each dance. The gigolo—one of the many impoverished counts or barons—would have refused a check, for if cashed the next day, it would not have given him sufficient funds to buy his sick mother an aspirin tablet.

Because "Mama" danced a great deal, she had to bring large amounts of cash with her. Outside, her chauffeur kept watch over piles of billion mark bills, while inside the jazz band — little known in Europe before then — groaned and blared. Arthur Edel hummed the idiotic words of a popular song:

*And if your first wife be a failure,
Get a second, get a second. . . .*

and looked at his wife. And then, with the greatest conviction, he took up the tune:

*Let's be merry, let's always laugh . . .
We never live in the morrow . . .*

Was Arthur Edel happy in this second youth of his? I doubt it. His son, who was sixteen years old at the beginning of this crazy period, joined the circle that frequented Johnny's Night Club — a rendezvous for homosexuals. He fell into the hands of blackmailers and, one spring morning in 1924, shot himself. Edel's daughter married a doctor who was later sentenced for practicing illegal abortion. (During the three years of inflation, there were 480 trials of this kind in Berlin alone and 190 physicians lost their licenses.) Edel's younger son found school too tiresome and eloped to St. Moritz with a girl. Two years later, when the nightmare of inflation was over, I learned that young Ernst

Edel was in an orphan asylum. His parents had died in complete poverty.

III

The family of Rudolf Bauer, the accountant, lived on his wages. During inflation this meant a constant struggle against starvation. I can still see him, that little man with his thin neck and the shaky pince-nez on his pointed nose, with his shortsighted eyes that looked at a world he could not understand in bewilderment.

In those days, prices rose by 25 or 50 per cent an hour. Rudolf Bauer received his wages every Saturday; on Monday they were worthless. Clever people spent their money on Saturday, buying everything that came along. On Monday they could resell their merchandise at an enormous profit. But Rudolf Bauer was an accountant, not a business man. On his way home in the trolley car — the price of a ticket was 250,000,000 marks — he looked around carefully; he feared pickpockets who might steal the billions from his thick wallet. By the time Rudolf Bauer got home, his thin, consumptive wife had just enough time to obtain one day's supplies for his weekly wages.

Rudolf Bauer was decidedly behind the times. The first blow he suffered was when he lost his inheritance. His father, owner of a small printing shop, left ten thousand marks to him and an equal sum to his brother, Emil. Rudolf, the accountant, put the money in a savings bank. Emil spent it on alcohol and from some curious sentimental compulsion, he stowed the empty bottles away in his cellar. In 1922, the thrifty brother received exactly one stamp for his ten thousand marks. The same year, the profligate brother sold his empty bottles for several billion marks.

At this point the accountant stopped counting. It was no use. Toward the end of 1923, his weekly wages were 150,000,000,000 marks and the price of an egg in Berlin was 125,000,000 marks; a pound of bread or potatoes cost 100,000,000; a pound of flour 150,000,000. Butter was selling at 300,000,000,000 marks a pound, sugar at 70,000,000,000, and lard at 220,000,000,000 marks a pound. Rudolf Bauer could neither count nor revolt. During demonstrations on the Kurfuerstandam in Berlin, when the unemployed smashed shop windows, Rudolf Bauer edged along, pressing himself timidly against the walls.

He died in an insane asylum — the only place where normal persons could find refuge at that time.

Shortly before Christmas 1923, my father paid a visit to Jacob Goldschmidt, president of the Darmstaedter und Nationalbank, in order to obtain certain statistical data. The president referred him to the vice-president in charge of the statistical division. Outside his office he was struck by the curious name on the door, "Dr. Horace Hjalmar Greeley Schacht."

Inside, my father found an obscure bank official who gave him all sorts of statistical information, as well as a copy of his poems which were, alas, printed at the author's expense. At one o'clock, my father wanted to leave. Dr. Schacht, who was so stiffly Germanic that his very collar seemed made of wood, inquired where his visitor was bound. My father happened to have a luncheon engagement with several German economists, among them Dr. Richard Lewinsohn and he tried to get away from this boring bank official. To his surprise, Dr. Schacht declared that he lunched every day with Felix Pinner, Leopold Schwarzschild and Richard Lewinsohn — all of them liberal economists — in the Borchard Restaurant in the Leipzigerstrasse. They went together.

When my father was alone with Dr. Lewinsohn, he asked him: "Why on earth do you see this bore?"

Richard Lewinsohn smilingly explained that several leading liberal journalists had worked out a plan to stop inflation. They had suggested the introduction of a new currency, the Rentenmark, guaranteed by the State as exchangeable for gold within one year.

"We need a man like Schacht to help us put this idea across," he concluded.

On Christmas day, the *Berliner Tageblatt* published an editorial titled the "Rentenmark," and signed by one Dr. Horace Hjalmar Greeley Schacht. A week later, Dr. Luther, president of the Reichsbank, took up "Dr. Schacht's idea." The obscure statistician who worked for the great Jacob Goldschmidt was summoned to the government bank and in little more than two weeks, the period of inflation was ended.

Only after the orgy had ceased and the "bankruptcy of the bankrupts" began to take its course, engulfing entire countries, only then did the true meaning of inflation, its economic and social significance, come to the fore.

It was gradually understood that

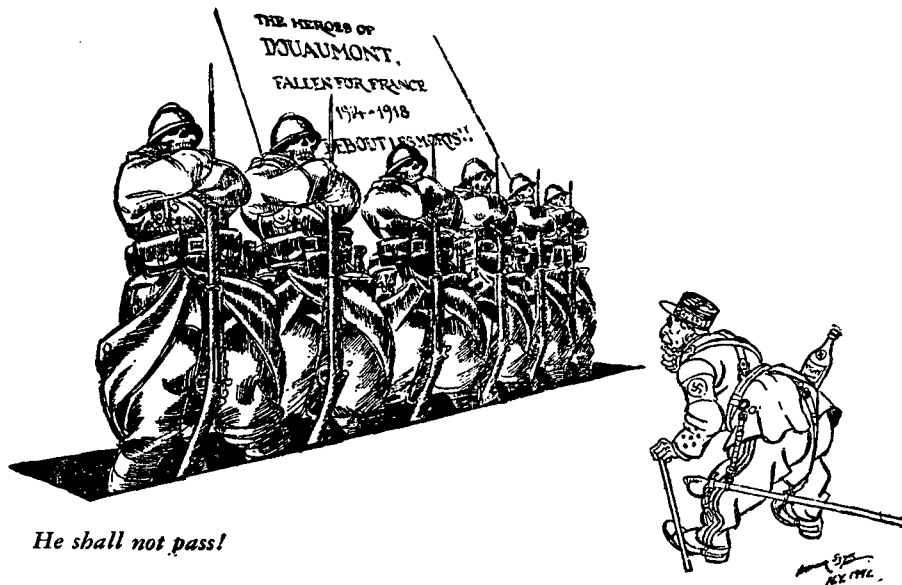
the inflation had been the result of the reparations payments which, between 1921 and 1923, amounted to no less than 132,000,000,000 marks in cash and deliveries: coal, cattle, wood. France had taken as her own the thesis of Finance Minister Klotz, who later died in an insane asylum: "Le Boche payera!" Germany's answer to this was typically German — violence. Instead of trying to reach a peaceful agreement, Germany proclaimed "passive resistance." This policy took the form of inflation.

When inflation suddenly came to an end, everyone frantically sought a way back to normal life, but the way was barred. The moral chaos which had been created proved an insurmountable obstacle. During the period of madness rapid enrichment and sudden impoverishment became common phenomena. Hard work, achievement, effort lost their good name. The poor became rich and the rich poor. Overnight the Austrian aristocracy, as well as the German, lost everything they had. (The Rothschilds were saved only by their French and British relatives; the Credit Anstalt was rescued at the cost of \$70,000,000.) Though the fortunes made during the inflation proved fragile, pre-inflation fortunes were rarely re-

constituted. The ruined middle classes were transformed into demoralized and undisciplined proletarians—Adolf Hitler's "workers". The well-to-do became a jittery middle class, shrinking from new investments. The proletariat took the road to revolution, a development foreseen by Marx.

Above all, the confusion in men's minds could never be overcome. A whole generation had grown up unable to distinguish vice from virtue. The bold currency swindler

and the heroic speculator proved difficult to eradicate from the memories of the young and thus the groundwork for the upheavals to follow was laid. After the fairy tale of millions springing from nothing, came the sobering time of nothing springing from millions. The shadow of Adolf Hitler loomed in the background. By an iron necessity, the world ruled by millions of zeroes produced the world in which a zero became the ruler of millions.



THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

The Delusions of Musical Comedy

THE theatre is a Maypole 'round which dances, season after season, a motley but resolute crew of delusions. The dance this year is no less breezy than heretofore and the frolickers no less eccentric. Of the latter, five in particular stand out.

The first of these cavorting delusions, a persistent leftover from last season and still patted affectionately on the back by a majority of the critics, is that the trouble with many of the newer playwrights is that they have not learned the business of sound play construction and that, as a consequence, their plays, even when possessed of intermittent merits, miss fire. This, in most instances, is sheer critical twaddle. The real trouble with the playwrights in question is not that they have not mastered the dramaturgical technique but that, even were they to be veritable hounds at it, their mental, spiritual, emotional and imaginative quotient is woefully deficient.

It is, of course, perfectly true that a knowledge of technique is occasionally valuable, but that it is

a prime essential is far from true. Genius, or merely unusual talent, may be ignorant of it or may loftily wave it aside and nonetheless produce plays of high esteem. Gorki's admittedly best play is almost amateurish technically, at least in the sense that the critics understand the word. Most of Shaw's plays would have been marked G-minus by dramaturgical professors of the George Pierce Baker school. As a matter of record, Maurine Watkins' admirable satirical farce, *Chicago*, which subsequently proved a great success in the theatre, was so marked by Baker when the author, a member of his class, submitted it to him for his criticism. Wedekind's best play is a technical botch and so, to the pundits of his day, was Georg Kaiser's. And Strindberg's *The Dream Play* originally had the critics yelling for mama.

Saroyan is the latest goat of the technical assayers. If only he obeyed the dramatic rules, they say, his plays would be what they should be. As Bobby Clark exclaimed recently in *All Men Are*

Alike, oh, bal — derdash! If Saroyan wrote his plays according to the stricter dramaturgical formula, they would be unspeakably bad. One of their greatest virtues is their very neglect of that formula. Those who believe the opposite are those who insist that poetry is not poetry unless it rhymes. Some of the very worst plays in the theatre of the last few years have been technically perfect. And some of the very best have been as technically imperfect as Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

A second prancing delusion is that farce must inevitably and invariably be paced very much quicker than comedy. This has resulted in some of the most painful directorial antics experienced by audiences and critics. A number of the most effective and successful farces have been wisely directed not as if they were Eva Tanguay and Betty Hutton getting drunk on quicksilver cocktails but as if they were little different from straight, nimble comedy. *You Can't Take It With You* is one example; *Boy Meets Girl* is largely another; *Sailor, Beware* is still another; and *A Slight Case Of Murder* is surely another still.

A third gallumphing delusion, this season again brought into focus

by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan, indignant over criticism of his play, *The Wookey*, is that, in Mr. Brennan's words, "a writer must be an expert on any subject he uses as backbone for a play." Continues Mr. Brennan, "It is a cliché that will never, apparently, die." Mr. Brennan, though taken to sarcastic task by certain critics, is right. Mr. Brennan, however and nevertheless, is at the same time himself no proof of his contention, since his play is a very bad play in great part because he evidently knows little of the subject he has used as backbone for it.

Otherwise, the dogged cliché of which he speaks is frequently just what he says it is. Many playwrights have written reputable plays in spite of it. The case of Shakespeare is altogether too obvious to mention. So let us rather turn to the names of such assorted moderns as Andreyev (*Savva*), Hauptmann (*Elga*), Schnitzler (*Reigen*), Moody (*The Great Divide*), Shaw (*Mrs. Warren's Profession*), Strindberg (*Simoom*), Ibsen (*Ghosts*), Wedekind (*Pandora's Box*), O'Neill (*All God's Chillun Got Wings*) and the like.

The fourth pirouetting delusion, still coddled by certain of our producers, is that audiences of a democratic nation are ever snob-

bishly fascinated by the stage spectacle of royalty. Give them a play about kings and queens, preferably English, or even one of the drawing-room species filled with lesser titles, and the poor, pushing louts will gape with such wide-mouthed awe that even the Park Avenue dowagers' false teeth will fall out. That this was once, alas, true, there is no gainsaying. But that it is true any longer, save the play itself be something pretty superior, is believed only by the producers in question, and then only until they take a look at their first-night customers somewhere around ten o'clock.

The fact of the matter seems to be that not only are today's American audiences not fascinated by such toady-bait but infinitely bored and no little downright irritated. This was once again proved in the case of Gilbert Miller's production of the Canfield-Borden-Ginsbury *Anne of England*, which, though itself a wretched play, sought nonetheless to fetch the local bourgeoisie with enough purple delicatessen to floor even all the headwaiters at the St. Regis and the Monte Carlo night club. And what, incidentally, was also evidently proved is that, for all their sympathy with the present cause of Britain, local audiences are be-

coming fed up on stage rhapsodies to the deathless glory of dear old England, in which this particular exhibit was hardly frugal. When they discharged the third of such molasses squirts on the opening night, W. Somerset Maugham, a highly intelligent and cosmopolitan Englishman, couldn't help letting out a humorously ironic grunt on behalf of his suffering American friends in the house.

Plays about titled England, whether palace or merely polite parlor, have with minor exception become just a little ridiculous to the local bums. The spectacle of elaborate court ceremonial, of humility in the presence of a jewelled head ornament, of kowtow to swell monikers, or of only Sir Basil Flummery languidly sipping a club whiskey and soda with Sir Ivor Wishwash strikes them as superfluity and bad manners, and slightly unnecessary and even offensive in a day and time of democratic death struggle, and more particularly in a day and time of lease-lend, auxiliary naval arms, and frankfurter picnics at Hyde Park.

Mr. Miller is well known for his admiration of the English and for his regard for everything English, but he can do England no greater disservice than producing before

American audiences plays like the one under discussion, which obliquely make even the Anglophiles in those audiences feel like jumping to their feet and, in annoyance, singing *The Star Spangled Banner* at the tops of their lungs. And if Mr. Miller doesn't believe it, just let him take a canvass of the honest reactions of even his snobbish first-night audience.

II

With the fifth capering delusion, we come to the main and profound business of this month's meeting, to wit, the popular idea that a great deal of the success of a musical show these days depends upon the good looks of the girls. No one wishes it were true more than your present Socrates, as is widely and sufficiently known, but he fears it is an even greater delusion than any of the others hereinbefore noted.

Of all the successful musical shows put on hereabout in the last five years, two and only two of the lot disclosed any girls who had anything at all in the way of looks above the modest average, one being *Louisiana Purchase* and the other, Ed Wynn's *Boys And Girls Together*, and the latter, at that, falling back on some especially

hired models to provide relief from the chorus piefaces and pianolegs. The girls in one of the latest successes, *Best Foot Forward*, though youngsters, are with one single solitary exception of a pulchritude level hardly higher than that encountered among Childs waitresses or this year's society debutantes. *Hellzapoppin*, the biggest success in American musical show history, offers not so much as a single girl who wouldn't scare a policeman. *Panama Hattie*, a gold mine, has maybe a couple in the chorus who could get by if the shade on the lamp were thick enough; *Cabin In The Sky* had two colored babies that weren't half-bad; *Pal Joey* hasn't so much as one girl to wobble the connoisseur; and so with the rest both last season and this.

The fact seems to be that the simon-pure girl-show is, at least temporarily, a thing of the past and that its place in the public affection has been taken either by the comedian show or the song and dance show, irrespective of the personal pull of the girls in them. The girls in themselves are no longer enough, as Earl Carroll not long ago found out when he returned to town with enough hot-lookers to have satisfied two or three old Ziegfeld *Follies*, but with,

unfortunately, nothing else. A single Victor Moore or Ed Wynn or Eddie Cantor today draws more trade than any returned-to-earth eye-walloping George Lederer chorus possibly could, and Ethel Waters singing *Taking A Chance On Love*, the while a quorum of spindle-shanked pickaninnies kick themselves into a frenzy, galvanizes a house to an even greater degree than the Bonnie Maginns, Edna Chases, Olive Thomases and Kay Laurels used to.

A second, subsidiary critical delusion in regard to musical shows is that there is something exceptionally stimulating and overwhelmingly attractive about youth. You should have read all save two of the New York newspaper reviewers' testimonials to *Best Foot Forward*, with its cast made up almost entirely of girls and boys who haven't yet achieved the age of twenty!

While I am perfectly willing to agree that youth is in some cases refreshing, and in some others even animating, it can nevertheless be taken only in small doses. A lot of youth in one big gob is pretty trying as, at the other extreme, a lot of age in single assembly is. A whole stageful of it conducting itself for two uninterrupted hours after the forbiddingly effervescent pattern is rather more than one

can calmly take. One's feeling under the circumstances is inclined to be much of a piece with that induced by being compelled to bounce up and down for a couple of hours on a gymnasium electric horse the while an attendant ceaselessly keeps singing *Hail, Hail, The Gang's All Here* into one's ear.

Too much youth, in short, is a bore, since youth lacks variety and has little to fall back upon but animal spirits, which are an even greater bore. In all the musical shows of the last half dozen years, there has been only one kid in her teens whose youth was a critical asset rather than a liability: Grace McDonald in *Babes In Arms*. And only one boy in his teens: Gil Stratton, Jr., in this *Best Foot Forward*. And it is the same with the dramatic stage. The only kid girl who, in the same period of time, has combined her seventeen years with comfortable charm was Betsy Blair in *The Beautiful People*. And the only boy, Eddie Bracken in *So Proudly We Hail*, etc. As for me, in the case of all the others, I much prefer my stage youth to be played in musicals by girls of twenty-four or five like Marcy Wescott and in drama by girls of twenty-six or seven like Betty Field. And so, too, with the boys.

A third supplementary delusion

in this learned matter, and one that has persisted longer than the oldest sitter around the grocery store stove can remember, is that the girls in the front line of a chorus are always and invariably better looking than those in the second line. It may have been true once upon a time, but if it is true any longer someone cheated me on the quality of my opera glasses. It has come to be the practice of producers and their directors to fill the first line with the better dancers and singers and it is often the

regrettable case that the better dancers and singers are not blessed with the looks of the girls somewhat less skillful. These latter are accordingly relegated to the second or third row and it is thus that in these rear rows of the chorus the alert eye detects the real or at least approximate dandies, if any. The only even remotely attractive girl in the entire youthful chorus of *Best Foot Forward* is a slim, dark little thing hidden away in the second line behind the front line of agile kid pumpkin-faces.



OUR TRADE BARRIERS WITH CANADA

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

CANADA and the United States are now partners in every way except for the lack of free trade. War has made the alliance tight in other respects. We are pledged to protect Canada from attack, no matter what the source. We are presently garrisoning one of her harbors and the two countries are partners in a joint Defense Board, which is to be permanent. The American President and the Canadian Prime Minister have agreed to a program calling for complete coordination in the vast North American effort to supply England with what she needs to carry on. This community of purpose in the present struggle will certainly be perpetuated if the Allies win and if Hitler should batter down England, an air-tight defensive alliance would be immediately demanded. Above these present considerations is the undisputed fact that the two countries largely use the same tongue and, for the most part, have the same cultural background and national aims.

Then why not free trade?

At first sight, it would appear that the long peace between the United States and Canada discredits the statement made by the present Governor-General of the Philippines, Francis B. Sayre, when he was Assistant Secretary of State: "If goods cannot cross international boundaries, troops will." Troops have not crossed our respective boundaries in 126 years, although trade between us has been more or less fettered during all that long period. In fact the tariff policies of the two countries have repeatedly given rise to bitter misunderstandings and to serious friction, and have created no little hostility on both sides of the border. It is altogether likely that if both countries had not been disarmed, until our recent heavy arming, there would have been grave conflicts between us.

Curiously enough, the Canadians rejected a reciprocity treaty with the United States in 1911 when it was offered to them. Opponents of the treaty raised the issue of annexation by citing the

words of Americans who favored it. The election was thus made a question of loyalty to the Crown and the religious issue was also injected into the debate. Rudyard Kipling declared at the time that "it is her own soul that Canada risks today." Reciprocity, he was sure, meant only "a little ready money that she does not need and a very long repentance." The bitterest antagonists of the treaty went so far as to raise the cry: "No truck or trade with the Yankees." Yet in 1935, Mr. Hull and Mr. Roosevelt concluded the reciprocity treaty of that year which still stands, although it was modified in 1938. Today the tariff is practically out of politics in the two countries.

Yet it exists, as every returning traveler can testify. The Yankee tourist may spend thousands of dollars in Canada's summer resorts or wilderness camps, buying Canadian services and food, but if he crosses the boundary with more than one hundred dollars of Canadian goods, he must pay the required duty on everything above that value. He may contribute to the prosperity and the war work of Canada as much as he pleases, provided only that he does not seek to aid her factories to the extent of buying and importing their products beyond one hundred dollars

worth. It is all right for a Californian to buy what he pleases of the products of Michigan or New York factories, just over the border from Canada, but beyond the undefended frontier is that foreign flag which is deemed to spell trade hostility.

There have, of course, been other causes of friction between the two countries besides the tariff, such as fisheries, navigation questions and boundary disputes — "Fifty-four Forty Or Fight" is a case in point. But today we are in an era when the European situation makes possible the wiping out of all differences, at least for the duration. It is true, as Dr. F. Cyril James, Principal of McGill University, recently stated that it is unrealistic to build a permanent Anglo-American-Canadian pact purely on war-time emotion unless it is based upon sound economic policy, including a uniform currency and an agreement as to the proper relationship with the rest of the world. Undoubtedly what emotion creates, emotion can speedily destroy. It is true that there was a great deal of ill will created in Canada after the last war because of the debate on both sides of the boundary as to the relative parts of Canada and the United States in winning the war. When this war

is over, and particularly if England wins, there will be the greatest danger of another era of ill will because the United States' contribution to the winning of the war will have been so enormous and England and the Empire will be so greatly in debt to us for money and supplies. For that very reason we should take all possible advantage of the existing good will to cement the alliance and render it as durable as possible. The most important single measure in this respect would be the elimination of outmoded tariff walls.

II

In Canada one discovers startling facts on the way American manufacturers have sought to have their protection cake and eat it, too. They have invested four billions of dollars in Canada, three times as much as in any other country and as a result, they control or own outright one-fourth of all the manufacturing in Canada. All the great American companies, like General Electric, Westinghouse, General Motors, Ford, Bell Telephone, the aluminum industry and numerous others are represented on the other side of the line. I once discussed the tariff problem with Henry Ford. He was for protection, of course,

and when I expressed my doubts he said: "If the tariff bothers you in any country, well, you just go into it and build your own factory and there you are. I have factories and assembly plants in Canada, England, Germany, Spain and many other countries. Their tariffs and quotas do not hurt me there." When I suggested that few American manufacturers were as financially able as he and General Motors to do this, he merely shrugged his shoulders.

No less than 1200 American manufacturers have adopted this philosophy and established branches in Canada. Of these, as far back as 1934 there were 690 firms, with a capitalization of \$545,692,000, employed in straight manufacturing, while 115 made the pulp and paper our printing industry needs because of the exhausting of our own pulp-wood forests. There were forty-nine firms engaged in mining and smelting, while eighty-one belonged in the category of public utilities. In 1936, 22 per cent of the total amount of capital in Canada was owned in the United States as against 15 per cent in Great Britain. In 1938, Canada's total trade with the United States was \$910,000,000 as against \$555,000,000 with the United Kingdom. In the fiscal year 1937-38, the United

States imported 39.6 per cent of all Canada's exports and we sold to her 61 per cent of all her imports. It is also a fact, according to a study made for the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, that "relative to wealth and population, Canadians have as large industrial investments in the United States as Americans have in Canada."

The American-owned companies make 82 per cent of all the trucks and automobiles manufactured in Canada, 68 per cent of the electrical apparatus, 44 per cent of non-metallic mineral manufactures, 41 per cent of chemicals, 42 per cent of agricultural and industrial and office machinery, and 40 per cent of miscellaneous manufactures. Cheap hydroelectric power, notably in Ontario, was one of the lures, the large supply of raw materials another and curiously enough, the imperial preference system established at Ottawa in 1932 is still another reason for opening branches beyond the St. Lawrence. For imperial preference aids all goods manufactured in Canada for export to other portions of the British Empire. Thus the Americans who are in business in Canada are profiting by the very device resorted to by the Empire in order to decrease American or other foreign imports into the Empire.

Canada herself, it would seem, ought to welcome a complete tariff union with the United States because she is so dependent on world markets and it may well be that, with Europe prostrate after a long war, it will be very much to Canada's advantage if she has larger sales in the United States and makes greater purchases from this country. For war-exhausted and prostrate people do not buy for the reason that they cannot. It is true that Canada is largely an agrarian country and produces much more foodstuffs than it can possibly utilize. In that respect, it is in the same situation as the United States, only worse. But if there were a customs union under which the surpluses of both countries could practically be handled as one, it would not make the situation worse and might even make it better. That this will be a major stumbling-block in the adoption of free trade between the two countries no one can deny. That is where leadership on both sides of the boundary would have to play a part.

A Canadian-United States customs union would plainly be called for if Hitler's new order should mean a free trade Europe — with Germany the center of the union. Whether he will have the sense to

establish free trade if victory comes to him, or a stalemate allows him to continue his domination of the Continent, no one knows. There is no doubt whatever that a free trade Europe, especially if organized along totalitarian lines and dominated by one country, would be a menace to us, with our archaic protective tariff ideas. For a totalitarian state can "dump" as many goods as it pleases at any point in the world at nominal prices since it can make up the loss elsewhere on other and high-priced goods. Why should not the United States and Canada join forces to be ready to meet this common menace, should it develop?

Already we are reaping the harvest of our failure to admit Central and South America into our tariff zone generations ago. No intelligent man can deny that if this had been done the American republics below the Rio Grande would today be so tied to us by trade bonds that we should not be in the least worried by Hitler's present threat of economic penetration with German goods after the war. Not only that, we should have raised up huge markets for our manufacturers who, in the decades after the Civil War, were certainly not in any danger from South American competition.

How would Canada feel about free trade? Well, when I sounded out two distinguished Canadians, one a government official, he fell back upon some familiar official phrases: "While we have great sympathy with the objective outlined in your letter, we doubt the possibility of any fruitful steps being taken at this time." He admitted that there was a demand in Canada in certain quarters for lower tariffs, and especially for reduction of tariff barriers against imports from the United Kingdom. He hoped I would keep up my "missionary work" to produce results in later years. The other answer pointed out that to drop the tariffs between Canada and the United States would "destroy a good part of Canadian industry which shelters behind the tariff. That would have a disastrous effect on our exchange, paralyzing the war effort unless the customs union was accomplished by a monetary union" (as suggested by Secretary Hull). In addition, he thought that a customs union would mean that the two countries would have to take joint action in tariffs, foreign trade, exploitation of foreign markets and so on, and that would require a greater degree of political cooperation, he believed, than would be possible at the present

time. Still, he also favored working in the direction of "the closest possible general cooperation."

Of course these obstacles are there, as I well knew before writing. How quickly they can be done away with depends on the outcome of the war and the measure of our dread of Hitler. There will undoubtedly be much fear in Canada that a customs union will lead to annexation, which no one advocates today. Nonetheless, the very fact that the Principal of McGill University has thought it necessary to bring up at this moment the question of a customs union, not only between Canada and the United States, but between Canada, the United States and the British Empire, shows clearly the drift of things. A complete military and naval defensive union, which will be inevitable if Hitler wins and is now gradually developing, will of course be absurd if the two countries continue to consider themselves as economic rivals engaged in more or less serious economic warfare with one another.

In the United States a favorable reaction will be much more difficult to obtain. We are the stronger member of the proposed union, and therefore not in as much danger. We are the most hidebound protectionists in all the world. Yet

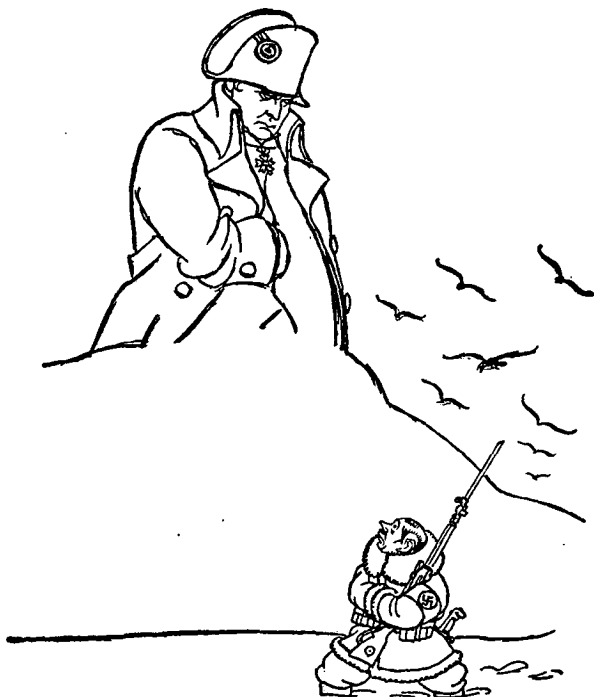
it is the truth that the American bankers have for some years now been protesting against the injury done to the whole world by tariff barriers.

The great stumbling-block is our nationalist feeling. The fact that Canada's flag is England's has made us regard her as a dangerous economic enemy. Were our flag to be hoisted over Canada, we should rejoice in the widening of our domestic free trade sphere. That the elimination of tariff-fostered industries would cause serious problems of readjustment and some unemployment in Canada and the United States, no one can deny. But this will be a small problem compared to those that the world will face when the war is over. And why should governments continue to foster industries which economically are not needed and cannot stand on their own feet except by subsidies, direct or indirect, from the overburdened taxpayers of the world?

Actually, at this minute both the United States and Canadian governments, having pooled their huge war-production programs, are engaged in setting aside many of the tariffs between the two countries! No one will dispute this fact or question its necessity. The process is simple enough: Under the

Roosevelt-Mackenzie King agreement, the transactions between the two countries will not be between individuals but between the governments. Tariffs, therefore, "reduce themselves," as John McCormac, a Canadian journalist, puts it, "to a bookkeeping transaction between one branch of administration and another."

If we really want to present a united Canadian and American front to Hitler and establish a real hemispheric defense, we shall in due course come to a customs union. The sooner the better, for it will mean much more than joint defense commissions or American garrisoning of strategic Canadian harbors.



"Stinker!"

Arthur Szyk
N.Y. 1941.

► *A physician warns us against the temptation of using the scalpel.*

TOO MUCH SURGERY?

BY MILES ATKINSON, M.D.

THE main trouble with surgery nowadays is that it is too safe. The very factor which has made modern surgery possible has tended also to make it dangerous by encouraging an excess of operating. That, and a greater faith in the power of the knife than is warranted by the facts, are dangers against which present-day medicine has to be on its guard.

A century ago a surgical operation was a hazardous and painful undertaking. The patient, his senses dulled by opiates, was strapped to a table and held down. As knife cut into flesh, screams filled the room until the patient passed fainting into blessed oblivion. The test of the surgeon was the speed of his work. Abernethy, a famous English surgeon of the Eighteenth Century, prided himself on removing a leg in a minute and a half. Only a few set operations were undertaken, mostly amputations, the treatment of wounds, the opening of abscesses and cutting for the stone. The death rate was appalling. To be condemned to an operation

was tantamount to a death penalty.

All this was changed by two discoveries in close succession: anaesthesia and antiseptics. Either without the other would have been of little avail.

Though Humphry Davy in England had shown by 1800 that nitrous oxide gas was capable of abolishing the sensation of pain, it is to Morton, a Boston dentist, that the credit is due for the start of modern anaesthetic practice. It had been noticed by a friend of his that students who had inhaled ether appeared insensible to pain. Morton immediately saw its practical possibilities for dispelling the pain of tooth extractions. After experimenting first on his dog and then on himself, in September of 1846 he used ether on a patient, one Eben Frost. "To the joy of the operator and the astonishment of the patient, the attempt was perfectly successful." A month later he demonstrated its use, again successfully, at an operation at the Massachusetts General Hospital. Anaesthesia had been born.

Twenty-one years later, almost to the day, Lister treated a compound fracture by his antiseptic method and the wound healed without infection. It is difficult today to appreciate at its proper value the magnitude of this achievement. Up to that time all wounds were infected, none healed without suppuration. Lister put an end to this. Pasteur's work had laid the foundations of the modern science of bacteriology, and Lister's application of the principle made possible everything that surgery has accomplished in the last seventy years.

The gates opened to a whole new world of medical endeavor. After a brief hesitancy before this vast opportunity was understood, neophytes began to clamor for initiation into the art of the new surgery. Everyone would be a surgeon. There is a drama about surgery, especially about emergency surgery, which appeals to doctor and layman alike. And since the natural craftsman is not uncommon even though a Chippendale is rare, and the learning of a craft is less arduous than the slow acquiring of experience, it is not to be wondered at that surgeons multiplied and with some rapidity. In the youthful stage of his development, the surgeon remained largely under

the tutelage of the physician, who made the diagnosis and decided on the operation. The surgeon's responsibility was confined to matters of technique. But as the art of surgery progressed, the surgeon began to cast off the leading strings. He began to form his own judgments on the basis of an increasing surgical knowledge though, by reason of specialization, of a diminishing general experience. Clinical diagnosis gradually came to be less exact, more dependent upon the laboratory, the X-ray, and finally the exploratory operation.

The possibilities of the exploratory operation in establishing a diagnosis and at the same time allowing of surgical treatment were quickly appreciated. If the surgeon did not quite know what to make of some pain in the abdomen and none of his tests served further to enlighten him, it was a simple matter to look inside and see. Now "look and see" can be an invaluable method of investigation. Unfortunately, it can also serve as an excuse for mental laziness and slipshod diagnosis. It is much easier to open an abdomen than to puzzle over a problem — and much more profitable. Besides, the "look-see" method rests on that old doctrine of the infallibility of the eye as a means of judgment. It has not yet

been exploded, though time and again we are deceived, as by the flatness of the earth and the twinkling of the stars. And all the time, adventurous spirits with delicate hands and subtle refinements of technique have kept invading new realms of the human body until now nothing, neither heart nor brain nor belly, remains inviolate from the surgeon's inquisitive finger. As knowledge increased, so did scope; with scope, operations; with operations, the facilities for them; and, lamentably vicious circle, with facilities, still more operations.

Thus has surgery become too easy. Everywhere are well equipped operating rooms, competent nursing staffs, trained surgeons and anaesthetists. Everywhere are comfort, safety and facility. Nothing is easier than for a patient who needs an operation to have one. The danger is that he may have one, need it or not.

II

The shining example of abuse of a surgical procedure is the operation for the removal of tonsils. In the beginning it was found that the removal of greatly enlarged tonsils and adenoids often was followed by remarkable improvement in the health of the child. Though some-

times inadequately performed, the tonsil operation is not essentially a difficult one. The tonsils are easily accessible and the operation is attended by a negligible mortality. Moreover, the benefits are rapidly manifest while the evils take longer to develop and are not always obviously related to their cause. Hence this surgical procedure rapidly found favor. To such a pitch has this practice risen that nowadays one sees even poor mites of two years who have been submitted to operation, while a child over seven who still owns tonsils is becoming something of a rarity. Particularly is this the case in large cities with an enthusiastic school service.

Yet the tonsils have a function to perform and that function is seldom destroyed by the age of seven, and often not for many years after that. The tonsils act as a filter which prevents harmful bacteria from entering the body. The removal of a worn-out, dirty filter from which reinfection can spread is sound practice, whether in an automobile or a child; to remove a functioning filter is not. It is unfortunately only too often done in children, bringing increased liability to those very diseases for the prevention of which their removal has been advised — colds, ear in-

fections, chest troubles, rheumatic fever and the like. But there are at last welcome signs that this slaughter of the innocents is on the wane. Throat surgeons as a whole are showing a greater sense of responsibility in this matter.

But now we meet another difficulty. Having been educated by the profession to the removal of tonsils, mothers do not always ask advice so much as demand an operation. If one surgeon refuses to pander to an importunate parent, she takes her offspring next door. There is always someone who will be prepared to operate, someone perhaps younger or less experienced or less scrupulous. In fact, we doctors, having sowed the wind, are now reaping the whirlwind and are finding some difficulty in persuading the public that tonsils have virtues as well as vices.

Some forty years ago the operation for acute appendicitis was coming into its own. Then, in 1901, Sir Frederick Treves operated for this disease upon Edward VII of England, whose coronation had to be postponed in consequence. The success of this royal laparotomy gave a great fillip to abdominal surgery and appendectomy became all the rage. There are fashions even in medicine. It was something of a social asset to have undergone the

operation. Every bellyache became acute appendicitis and appendices were whipped out by the score. Then came chronic infection of the appendix to account for all sorts of diverse diseases and appendices littered the operating rooms of the world before it was realized that there are more reasons for pain in the right lower quadrant of the abdomen than are covered by the appendix. This pristine fervor is now largely subsiding, but there are still more appendices removed than are diseased.

Exploratory operations and tonsil and appendix operations are not the only ones liable to abuse. The human nose, for instance, is constantly being offended. How often one hears of "a piece of bone" having been taken out on account of some immediate complaint which as often as not would have cleared up under much simpler treatment or else has been entirely unaffected by the operation. This removal of a piece of bone means one of two things. Either a septum operation has been done, or a piece of a turbinate bone has been removed.

The nasal septum divides the chamber of the nose, theoretically into two equal parts. In practice it is very frequently the subject of congenital deformity, so frequently that a straight and perfect septum

without benefit of surgery is quite uncommon. Such deformities are seldom the cause of trouble, yet they are often corrected for no better reason than that they are present and the patient has been unwise enough to complain about his nose. Let it be known that there are only two reasons for operating on a nasal septum — one, that breathing is grossly interfered with, which occurs seldom except as the result of an accident, a broken nose; and the other, that access for operation to some other part of the nose such as a nasal sinus is impossible on account of the septal deviation, which must therefore be removed.

As to the turbinate bones, there are three on each side of the nose, two of which are quite close to the nostrils and handy. They are covered by a membrane which swells up with changes in temperature, atmospheric conditions and certain disease states such as a cold in the nose, and then subsides again. Sometimes subsidence does not occur of its own accord as rapidly or as completely as might be wished and then there is nothing easier than to snip a bit off, a procedure which, within limits, the adaptable human body tolerates very well. Moreover, no visible sign is left save on the wallet of the patient.

One instance of these dubious

nose and throat procedures — dubious as regards their benefit to the patient — occurs in the case of the deaf patient. A young person starts to go deaf. No cause such as an abscess in childhood being found to account for the deafness, it is only too common for operations in regions adjacent to the ear to be embarked upon. First of all the tonsils go, if the patient has so far escaped the ministrations of the throat surgeon. When this has no effect, some bits of turbinate may be removed. This also failing, a septum operation may be undertaken, followed as often as not by long periods of blowing out the ears. And the effect, in the cases I speak of, is precisely nil as far as any improvement in hearing goes.

The same thing often happens in cases of "sinus," that much-abused term used haphazardly by doctor and layman to cover a multitude of conditions. Operation after operation is done, each one more complex than the last, and the patient eventually emerges with a nose which, however much or little was wrong with it in the beginning, in the end is certainly a burden. This he carries with him through life, cursing nose specialists and all their works with, after all, some reason.

III

In all this, we must not necessarily indict the surgeons. A few fall short of absolute honesty, no doubt, but the great majority merely act as they have been taught and with the best intentions. Such operations were at one time the regulation procedures for the conditions mentioned; we knew no better. The practice has been carried on routinely ever since, and increasingly so with the increasing number of surgeons. We must not blame the individual surgeon but rather the human propensity for habitual, unreasoned action. Plenty of doctors recognize that many persons suffer operations without any apparent improvement in the condition for which they were undertaken. The public, too, is groping to a similar realization. Yet on the whole, we go along blindly on the time-worn trail, the honest without assessing results and the other kind assessing their financial increment.

The sex organs offer another fertile field for surgery, for which the psychologists can no doubt offer an explanation. If you are a woman and young, you may for one reason or another have your inner sexual economy tinkered with, for very dubious benefit in many cases; if

you are old, you may have the whole lot cleared out in one swoop.

Everyone is aware of such cases. The commonest is that of the young woman with some irregularity of one sort or another with the menstrual rhythm, who may be submitted, routinely and often as a first resort, to what is often called "just a simple d. and c., my dear." Dilatation and curettage may be very simple, and it may nowadays be almost without risk in competent hands. All the same it is an operation and therefore not entirely without hazard, for there is an element of danger in any operation. True, it is a small element, but sad enough if you happen to be that exception to the rule; particularly if your trouble may actually have been due to some hormonal disturbance or to a psychological upset not amenable to scraping, as shown by the frequent failure of a "simple d. and c." to give more than temporary benefit, if that.

If you happen to be born a boy, you will also and even more undoubtedly be subjected to mutilation, and that at the earliest age, unless you are the lucky possessor of strong-minded parents, for circumcision has nowadays become routine practice. I await with interest the day when some enthu-

siast discovers the value of circumcision in the female also, a rite that is practised by some more primitive tribes, and thus makes use of all available material. This casual chopping off of unconsidered trifles is to be deplored because it brings surgery into disrepute, but it is not in itself particularly dangerous to life. We seem to be able to get along well enough without these various oddments, so much so that one is sometimes tempted to wonder whether Providence supplied them merely to provide a livelihood for the surgically-minded.

What is dangerous, what may well be fatal, is the practice of operating in the early stage of severe infections, and for this the lay public has to bear some portion of the blame. The spectacular achievements of surgery in dealing with some of the major disasters which flesh is heir to — perforations, strangulations, hemorrhages and so forth — has led to the belief, not entirely confined to the laity, that it can work miracles. How often does the cry go up, "Can't you *do* something, doctor? Isn't it possible to operate?" Or as consolation in bereavement, "At least everything was done that could be done. They operated, but it was no good." They, those weavers of spells, the surgeons; and that pathetic fallacy

that no one has the heart to controvert, that everything possible was done.

Yes, everything was done, perhaps too much was done. Perhaps all that was missing was someone with the authority, the experience and the courage to say, "No, hold your hands! The one chance that patient has is *not* to have an operation." For it requires all these attributes to advise against an operation in one acutely ill. It is always easier to operate than to abstain. Courage is necessary too, because if the decision is to operate and the patient dies, the public will condone the fault, if fault there be; but if the decision is not to operate and the patient dies, the layman, unaware that an operation would only have hastened the end, is apt to seek comfort for his grief by condemning the surgeon for his apparent timidity. "Whyever did they not operate? At least they might have been able to do *something*." It takes courage when you know that such criticism will have to be met in the event of a fatal outcome, for doctors live by their reputations.

I have seen a patient with a very acute mastoid and blood-stream infection, carried along for days without operation because the time was not yet, and fighting, fighting all the way — and looking

like winning, too. Then a relative lost his nerve, and there was another opinion, and another, and eventually an operation, then at the very moment when the patient was almost exhausted from climbing that difficult hill he was about to surmount. The operation tipped the precarious balance. Of course the patient died, and of course the friends all blamed the first doctor for having waited too long when the fault was with themselves.

In contrast, the same sort of case, waited on until the corner has been turned, may recover in half the time and with half the difficulty. In all infections there comes a time of crisis, not only in pneumonia. First comes the fight to keep the invader within bounds, to localize the infection. That accomplished, the battle is almost won, the tide has turned and now runs for the patient. At that moment, a moment which nowadays can be expedited with the recently dis-

covered sulfonamide drugs, a remarkable change comes over him. The anxious face of the battling warrior changes to the serene expression of the victor. Not till then is the time to operate. The surgeon cannot win the fight — the patient must do that. The surgeon can only clear away the wreckage afterwards by evacuating the abscess.

All this is not to belittle the art of surgery, for whose achievements the writer has a deep admiration. It is to attempt to dissuade its too ardent practitioners, and to instill into the layman the understanding that surgery possesses no supernatural powers. There are more ways out of a desperate situation than by operating. There are more ways of recovering from a disease than are comprised by surgery — some sick people recover even without a physician! There is more to the art of surgery than operations; there is knowing when not to operate. That is the harder part.

MAN OF FEW WORDS

He was a man of few words . . .
Snakes seldom hiss,
No songs have the carrion birds,
There was only one
Judas kiss.

—GLENN WARD DRESBACH

PENNSYLVANIA'S GREATEST ROGUE

BY HERBERT ASBURY

DURING the early boom days of the Pennsylvania oil fields, from about the end of the Civil War until the middle 1870's, the king-pin bad man of the region was a bull-necked German named Benedict Hagan, better known as Ben Hogan, as versatile a ruffian as the American underworld has ever produced. In a long career of evil, which began when he was eleven years old and continued for more than a quarter of a century, Hogan was murderer, thief, gambler, pimp, pander, hoodlum, burglar, pirate, brothel keeper, bounty jumper, counterfeiter, professional strong man, prize fighter, Civil War spy, blockade runner, and candidate for Congress. He called himself "the man from hell" and "the wickedest man in the world," and boasted that when he returned to his proper home in the nether regions he would be greeted affectionately by the damned souls of hundreds of women whom he had sent to perdition by way of the brothel, the concert saloon and the free and easy.

In his thirty-eighth year, having virtually exhausted the possibilities of sin, Hogan professed religion and became an evangelist, and later opened a mission in Chicago where he dispensed salvation with the same fiery energy that he had previously employed in peddling vice. As a preacher, he tolerated no more nonsense from his congregations than he had as a dive-keeper from his customers.

Hogan was born as Hagan in the German province of Württemberg in 1841, and came to the United States in 1852 with his father, a cabinetmaker, and his mother, who is said to have been a famous acrobat. The family settled on the east side of New York, where the elder Hagan soon obtained work at his trade. The family lived in New York for two or three years, during which time young Benedict became an accomplished thief and an active member of one of the gangs of juvenile rowdies with which the metropolis abounded in those days.

About 1855, the Hagans moved

to Syracuse, New York, and when Ben was sixteen his father bought him a horse and wagon to start the youngster in business as a peddler of household notions. The boy also joined a gang of burglars and sneak thieves. Within a few months, he was in trouble with the police. Because of his youth he escaped with a jail sentence of thirty days, and upon his release worked his way on an Erie Canal towboat to New York, where he shipped as cabin boy aboard the schooner *Humboldt*. Hogan was a stripling of seventeen when he sailed on the *Humboldt*. He left the ship a little more than two years later, a man of nearly twenty, physically toughened by hard work and exposure and morally calloused by indulgence in the vices of a hundred ports. He was not a big man — he never weighed more than 180 pounds and was barely five feet, eight inches tall, but he possessed extremely wide and heavy shoulders, a forty-one-inch chest, and unusually long arms which terminated in enormous hands. A sports writer once described him as “stocky, short, bull-headed and bull-necked.” He was a fair boxer, and a skilled and vicious rough-and-tumble fighter.

Sometime in the latter part of 1860 Hogan won seven hundred

dollars in the Louisiana Lottery, and went to New Orleans on a pleasure trip. He was there when the Civil War began, but managed to make his way to Charleston, South Carolina, and joined the crew of the blockade runner *Sphinx*. After a few voyages, the captain of the *Sphinx*, finding it easier to steal cargoes than to acquire them by legitimate means, turned pirate, and operated successfully off the Carolina coast for six months, preying upon neutral and belligerent shipping alike. At the end of this adventurous period Hogan stepped ashore in New York with fifty thousand dollars in gold as his share of the loot, and for a few months lived, as he put it, “like a king,” squandering huge sums in the wine rooms and gambling houses and maintaining a fine apartment in which he kept no fewer than six mistresses, each of whom had her own private suite. In the spring of 1862, after the last of his fortune had been spent, Hogan and Bill Sparks, a small-time circus performer, toured the Middle West with a strong man act in which Hogan, billed as “the modern Hercules,” allowed an eight-hundred-pound stone to be broken on his chest with a sledge hammer.

Hogan was in Chicago in the

summer of 1863, dealing faro in a gambling house on Clark Street, but there is considerable mystery about his activities during the next eight or nine months. Hogan declares that in the early spring of 1864 he joined the Union Army and volunteered for service as a spy, obtaining valuable military information on several trips into Virginia and Louisiana. But he soon found out that he didn't really like the Yankees, so he joined the Southern Army and served as a Confederate spy also.

He first appeared in the oil regions in the summer of 1865, when he came to Pithole and went to work at a notorious dive called the Cottage. His principal job was that of bouncer but he also gave boxing exhibitions and appeared as a strong man in the Cottage's variety show. During the fall and winter of 1865, he worked as bouncer and strong man at Oil City, Titusville and other towns in the oil fields. On April 18, 1866, he participated in the first prize fight ever held in the petroleum regions. His opponent was Jack Holliday, of Rochester, who had once gained considerable notoriety by trundling a wheelbarrow from Rochester to Buffalo, a distance of about seventy miles, without stopping for food, drink or rest. The fight

was held in a thirty-foot ring erected in an open field at Ball Town, near Pithole, for a side bet of five hundred dollars, and was watched by a thousand spectators, each of whom had paid two dollars for a ticket. Hogan was awarded the decision on a foul in six rounds, nineteen minutes.

Hogan remained in Pithole after the fight as manager of Em Fenton's Dance House, which was one of the most prosperous dives in the petroleum regions. The profits frequently amounted to a hundred dollars a day. One of the principal attractions of Madame Fenton's place was a handsome young prostitute known as French Kate, who has become one of the legendary figures of the oil fields, the mystery woman of the derricks. Hogan, who had never seen her before he came to Pithole, called her "a notorious character" and said that she had been a Confederate spy during the Civil War. Actually, nothing was known of French Kate, not even her real name; and there is no evidence whatsoever that she was ever a spy or that she was, or pretended to be, anything more than an exceptionally attractive strumpet. It was her gifts in this respect that appealed to Ben Hogan and she soon became his mistress. After a few

weeks at Madame Fenton's he took her out of the resort and in partnership with Fanny White, the pair opened a dance house at Pithole "where the patrons could get whatever they wanted."

II

In the fall of 1866, Hogan and French Kate sold their share of the Pithole dive to Fanny White, and opened a big brothel and dance house at Babylon, in Warren County near Tidioute, which was one of the toughest spots in the oil regions. Of the first eight buildings erected there, six were sporting houses. Largely because of French Kate's shrewd management, the Babylon resort was one of the most profitable that Hogan ever operated. As the money rolled in, he began to put on airs and to talk loudly of investing his surplus funds in oil production. He assumed a mien of great dignity and, further to emphasize his new position as a man of wealth, he put away the gaudy raiment of the hoodlum and the pugilist and clad himself in funereal black broadcloth, with a silk hat and a white cravat. He was thus attired one day when he met a wedding party, in from the country, and was asked the way to a preacher.

"I'm a preacher," said Hogan. "I am the Rev. Jonathan Girdler."

So Hogan performed the marriage ceremony, and then got drunk with one of the bridesmaids. He took the girl to the dance house but French Kate, jealous, threw her out and then attacked Hogan savagely with a horsewhip. But Hogan bore no grudge for the beating. He went gallantly to French Kate's assistance when Madame Em Fenton, of Pithole, who had likewise opened a house at Babylon, assaulted her in the street and pulled out half a dozen of the brunette curls of which she was so proud. Hogan turned Madame Fenton over his knee and spanked her, and then marched into her new dive and chopped up her furniture with an axe.

On the night of February 16, 1867, Hogan's house at Babylon was attacked by a gang of hoodlums from Petroleum Centre, led by Bill Casey, Dave Owen, and a ruffian known as Red Tone. Hogan knocked down several of his assailants, but he would probably have been overwhelmed and perhaps killed had not French Kate rushed to his side and fired two shots from a pistol. She wounded two of the rioters and the others fled in disorder, whereupon the injured men were dragged into a

back room, the burned-out torches were swept up, the musicians struck up a tune and dancing was resumed as if nothing had occurred. Hogan and French Kate were arrested on charges of rioting and attempted murder, but were discharged on February 18 after a brief trial at Tidioute, when it was shown clearly that they had acted in self-defense. During the hearing, Hogan was asked what sort of an establishment he operated at Babylon. He replied that he ran a gymnasium with fifteen lady pupils and four hundred gentlemen.

"Just what do the ladies do?" asked the judge.

"Light gymnastic body exercise is what I call it," said Hogan. "It is a moving of the different parts of the body in such a manner as to bring all the muscles into play. Practice of this kind is most beneficial to the whole system."

Hogan wrote to the *Titusville Herald* after his encounter with the Petroleum Centre hooligans that "Babylon is fallen and I'm going to open a house at Warren." Instead, he remained at Babylon until the summer of 1867, when he and French Kate sold their dive and started for Saratoga and the east on a sight-seeing tour, with \$27,000 in gold packed in a money belt around Hogan's waist. French

Kate wanted to stop at Buffalo and buy a new wardrobe but Hogan persuaded her to wait until they reached Saratoga, where she would see the latest New York fashions. When French Kate was ready to go shopping, a few days after her arrival at the New York watering-place, she found that Hogan had lost all their money in John Morrissey's gambling house. They began a violent quarrel which went on for hours; it ended finally when French Kate fired several shots at Hogan, one of which clipped a piece out of his right ear. As Hogan put it, he "left her" then, borrowed fifteen dollars, and caught the first train out of Saratoga.

Hogan was back in the oil regions by the spring of 1869, working as bouncer and bartender in Nell Robinson's resort at Petroleum Centre, and meanwhile concocting one of the most spectacular projects of his career. He completed his preparations in a few weeks and in the early summer of 1869, he and Hank Johnson, a monte thrower and all-around crook, rode out of Petroleum Centre at the head of the strangest cavalcade that ever plodded through the muddy roads of the oil regions — fifteen prostitutes, dressed in men's clothing and mounted on horses, followed

by a string of pack mules bearing their feminine finery, a large tent, and other equipment and supplies. On the outskirts of small towns, and in isolated producing districts where opportunities for amusement were limited, Hogan set up his camp. While Hank Johnson made a pitch on a barrel-head and trimmed all comers at thimble-rig and three-card monte, Hogan and his bawds gave a show, consisting of singing, dancing, weight lifting and various specialties at which the girls had shown themselves to be proficient. At the end of each performance, the tent was partitioned into cubicles with strips of canvas and the real business of the tour was begun.

Hogan's traveling brothel was a huge success but he soon tired of it, as he did of most of his enterprises, and finally turned it over to Hank Johnson and returned to Petroleum Centre. Early in 1870, Hogan joined the rush to Armstrong County, where a flowing oil well struck on an island in the Allegheny River had transformed Parker's Landing from a ferry flanked by a half dozen cabins in a lively little city of some three thousand population. Hogan opened a gymnasium and later a free and easy. He bought an old river steamer, thirty feet wide and 125 feet long, which he re-

modeled and anchored in the middle of the Allegheny, on the line between Clarion and Armstrong counties. Then he stocked the boat with liquor, engaged musicians and sent to Pittsburgh for twenty prostitutes, one of whom, Kitty Bowers, took French Kate's place as Hogan's mistress and remained with him for several years. In the early summer Hogan opened his unique resort, the first of its kind in America, as "Ben Hogan's Floating Palace of Pleasure." Two rowboats transported customers to and from the Palace and most of them found that it was easier to get aboard than to get ashore. Each evening at five o'clock Hogan's strumpets bathed in the Allegheny and the customers were permitted to watch them from circus seats rigged up in the stern of the boat. For two dollars a gentleman could join the ladies in the water. The Floating Palace was the oil region's most celebrated resort, and probably the most vicious as well.

Hogan operated his resort throughout the summer of 1870 and in the fall, he floated the boat down the Allegheny to Pittsburgh, where he discharged all of his staff except Kitty Bowers and a blonde dancer named Lizzie Topley, who was his No. 2 mistress. Hogan saw to it, however, that none of his

girls suffered through losing their jobs. He loaded them into a hack and drove through the Pittsburgh red light district until he had found billets for all of them, charging only five dollars each for his time and trouble.

After a few months at Pittsburgh, Hogan and Kitty Bowers went to Petrolia City, in Butler County, seven miles south of Parker's Landing, where another highly productive oil field had just been discovered, and opened a resort which they called "Hogan's Ranche." Petrolia City at that time was one of the most lawless spots in the petroleum regions, and Hogan's Ranche was the toughest dive in town, the scene of nightly brawls and obscene and vicious revelry. Petrolia City was organized as a borough early in 1873 and when the first town election was held on February 4, the hoodlums and saloonkeepers put Hogan's name on the ticket as a candidate for Burgess, running against George H. Dimick, a well-known oil operator. Dimick was elected by a large majority, although one oil region historian declares that Hogan really won the contest but was counted out by the election board.

Hogan rented his dive at Petrolia City to Nell Robinson of

Petroleum Centre in the summer of 1873, and returned to the prize ring. In the fall of 1873, he met Tom Allen for the world's heavy-weight championship at Council Bluffs, Iowa, after a month or two of hard training in the saloons and river-front dives of St. Louis. Hogan claimed a foul in the third round of the fight but the referee gave the decision to Allen, though virtually admitting the justice of Hogan's claim by calling off all bets and dividing the stake of two thousand dollars equally between the pugilists.

Soon after his encounter with Allen, Hogan established Kitty Bowers in a new brothel at Petrolia City and then built two variety theatres, one at Petrolia and the other at Millerstown, in Butler County. He made another effort to enter the political field by running for Congress as an independent candidate, but was badly beaten and in great disgust sold all his oil region properties and announced that thenceforth he would follow a theatrical career. He organized a variety troupe and, with Kitty Bowers, started on a tour of the middle west. On this swing about the country, which was his last, Hogan gave his usual exhibitions, and also fought several bare-knuckle prize fights.

III

Hogan's tour was a financial success, but he missed the hurly-burly of life in the oil fields, so early in 1876 he and Kitty Bowers left the troupe at Cincinnati and returned to Pennsylvania. They decided to open a dance house at Elk City, a new boom town in Clarion County, and Hogan sent Kitty to Pittsburgh to recruit a dozen prostitutes for the new establishment. Instead, she went to Petrolia City and married a saloonkeeper, and financed a wedding trip to Philadelphia with the money Hogan had given her to buy harlots. Hogan hurried to Petrolia in search of her but she had already gone, so he left word that he would kill her the next time he saw her and went on to Pittsburgh. He returned to Elk City with twenty strumpets, one of whom was an old oil region favorite called English Jennie, in former years madame of her own brothel at Petroleum Centre. She enjoyed the distinction of being Hogan's last mistress.

The restlessness and dissatisfaction which characterized Hogan's activities during the latter part of 1877 were probably due to jealousy and resentment over the defection of Kitty Bowers. Hogan, however, in later years was convinced that

they were symptoms of his coming regeneration. In any event, his departure from Tarport proved to be the turning point in his life. A few weeks after arriving in New York, while watching a street religious meeting on lower Broadway, Hogan met a young woman, a mission worker, who was probably the only good woman he had ever known. He fell desperately in love with her, courted her and finally married her in the late spring of 1878.

Then he was faced by a problem which stronger men than he have failed to solve. His wife knew he had been a gambler, a pirate and a pugilist, but he had told her nothing of his life as a pimp, a thief and a brothel keeper. On the night of August 22, 1878, as he walked on Broadway, harassed by worry and torn by indecision, he passed the Park Theatre, where Charles Sawyer, a reformed drunkard known in evangelistic circles as "the converted soak," was holding a revival meeting. Hearing music, Hogan entered the theatre and emerged a few hours later a repentant sinner with a saved and glowing soul. He hastened to his wife to tell her of his conversion and unburden himself of his past, but found, much to his surprise, that she knew all about him.

Hogan's conversion was a nine days' wonder in sporting and underworld circles. Most of his rowdy friends simply laughed and said, "What's Ben up to now?" But the regeneration of "the man from hell" was no sham; Hogan's old haunts knew him no more. He sold his gaudy jewelry and his fancy clothing and gave the proceeds to religious work and he and his wife went down to the Bowery as humble workers in Charles Sawyer's mission. Soon Hogan was preaching and within a few months he was assisting at revival meetings. Once he delivered a sermon, by invitation, at Cooper Institute, the great public forum of the period. In 1880, Hogan and his

wife headed a gospel mission to the oil regions but the tour was a complete failure. Neither the respectable citizens nor his old-time evil associates would listen to his message.

A year or so after his unsuccessful attempt to introduce salvation into western Pennsylvania, Hogan and his wife went to Chicago and, with the assistance of the Rev. Dwight L. Moody, the famous evangelist, they opened a mission and lodging house in the slums of West Madison street. There they labored among the lowly and throughout the latter part of his life Hogan did his best to atone for the wickedness of his earlier years.

SOFTLY, FOR CLARINET

Bright is the day
And fair is the morrow
When heart has its love
And hunger its marrow:
*The plane's in the sky;
The boat's on the wave;
The plough's in the furrow;
The worm's in his grave.*

Dark is the day
And empty the morrow
When hunger and heart
Go begging their marrow:
*The boat's on the reef;
The plough's in the cart;
The plane's in the furrow;
The worm's in the heart.*

— DAVID ROSS

DOWN TO EARTH

BY ALAN DEVOE

The Days of the Bison

THE common five cent coin of our country bears upon its surfaces two striking images: upon the one side a representation of a native Indian, proud-faced and of enormous dignity, with eagle feathers in his hair, and upon the other side a portrait of a sloping-shouldered, huge wild ox, the native bison. A grimmer coin than this ubiquitous nickel could scarcely be designed. Beside the image of the Indian — that representative of a spirited aboriginal people who have been largely reduced to the status of the white man's bedraggled wards — there is stamped the single proud word, "Liberty." Beside the image of the bison — that representative of a spirited aboriginal creature which once darkened the Great Plains with its hordes and made a sound as of thunder with its plunging hoofs — there is stamped our national legend, *E Pluribus Unum*. The legend is translated by rough-and-ready Latinists as "One From Many," and the accident of its juxtaposition to an image of the great,

proud beast that now survives after unequalled plunder only as a dulled and decimated remnant in preserves and parks, gives to the words all the flavor of some nostalgic old frontiersman's bitter commentary.

The Indian and the "buffalo" . . . they have a very long-ago sound now. But it was only yesterday — it was only when many a still hale old man was in his youthful vigor — that Indians were unconquered and bison roamed free on the prairie. It was only yesterday that shaggy hordes of the wild oxen bellowed and stampeded along the Platte River, along the Missouri. It was only yesterday that Colonel Dodge could stand on Pawnee Rock and see for ten miles in every direction and record that as far as his eye reached the bison covered the earth like a compact mass. The era of the bison's wild freedom is ended now, not less than the Indian's, and the bison become only a denizen of parks and a representation on a nickel. But the memory of the

time of its wild abundance is still recent, and still stirring, and it is worth cherishing.

The animal which once so dominated the American wild scene that two thousand could perish in a quicksand in 1867 without any visible diminishing of the herd was a relative of the bighorn sheep and Rocky Mountain goats, but a greater beast than either of these other hollow-horned ruminants. It stood six feet in height at the shoulder and from its nose to the root of its tufted tail it measured eleven feet. Its average weight was some eighteen or nineteen hundred pounds and now and again a great old bull attained to only a little short of a ton. Over the shoulders of the bison its spine curved up to form a tremendous hump, under the flesh and muscle, and from the ponderous broad-fronted skull the curving cylindrical horns grew forth to a length of nearly two feet and attained a circumference of sixteen inches at their base. The bison's enormous body was mostly covered by shaggy hair, thick-growing and tawny upon the huge humped shoulders, matted into a black beard upon the chin and extending down to the forelegs. Shaggy and colossal, with a voice whose roaring bellow could be heard for miles across the wilder-

ness — such was the beast which made the earth tremble as with an earthquake when one of the vast herds went lunging and galloping across the prairie, such the beast whose companies drew Indian bowmen from miles away by the rank, drifting ox-smell from their steaming flanks. This was the bison, "the thunder-hoofed," that until less than a century ago wandered and cropped the grass in freedom upon a grazing-ground that extended 3600 miles in length from north to south and was more than two hundred miles in width.

II

The pattern of the bison's life, in their days of freedom, was that of any other wild animal: feeding and breeding and caring for their young, fighting off the attack of enemies. In fulfillment of the first concern, the finding of adequate pasturage, the great beasts went about a migratory traveling that took them sometimes as much as three or four hundred miles across the plains. They moved in herds that were to be reckoned often by the millions. "As far as the horizon," said a writer in 1870, "the landscape is black with migrating buffalo." Alexander Henry, writing earlier in the century, recorded

taking an entire day's ride in a futile effort to find the outer edge of a bison herd. Lumbering, bellowing, body against shaggy body, the bison moved in a dark, endless tide across the prairies in their searchings for fresh grass. So enormous were their numbers that when, as sometimes happened, they stampeded, thousands might be tumbled over a precipice or into a river before the momentum of the herd could be checked.

The bison's breeding time was in the summer, from June until latter August or September. The cows were ready for mating by their third year, the bulls rather earlier, and with the coming of the mating season each year the prairie lands grew loud with the deep, myriad-throated sound of "bull roaring." This was the bull bison uttering their lust. All winter they had been separate from the cows, each sex adhering strictly to a herd of its own. They came together now, in the summer, and there was pawing of the earth and ceaseless bellowing, and shaggy skull battered against shaggy skull in battlings of the old males for supremacy. Since March the bison had been shedding their old coats and the hair hung ragged and patchy on their hides; it was torn loose in great tufts and strips as

they engaged in their furious battles and furious couplings. Slowly, with the waning of summer, their breeding and battling also waned and the mingled herd began again to separate into companies of bulls and cows. By October, the sexes were once more going their two ways. By November or December, the bison's shaggy coats had grown anew and were in their prime and the time had come for the herds to start their slow, lumbering trek in endless legions toward the south.

The bison's single calf was born in May or June and it was then that there came the chief danger of attack by enemies. An adult bison needed to fear few creatures. Rarely, perhaps, an old gray-muzzled bull, grown feeble and dim-eyed and astray from his herd, might be killed by a grizzly bear. More rarely still, a cougar might be quick and strong enough to make a kill. But now, in the early summer, the newborn calves afforded tempting prey for the ever-watchful wolves. The wolves would come close now, in the darkness, and sometimes a band of them would ring a cow bison and her calf and hour after hour would squat on their haunches in a silent circle, alert for a moment's relaxation of the cow's vigilance. If the wolves were not too many, the

cow would charge them, swinging her heavy head to impale the attackers on her curving horns, rearing and plunging in an effort to trample the enemy beneath her hoofs. But if the band of wolves was too large and too menacing, she would bellow for help to the bulls of the herd. They would come rushing to her and form a solid circle around the place where she stood with her calf, their huge heads lowered and facing outward, their great bodies pressed shoulder to shoulder in a continuous barrier of defense. Slowly the circular herd would begin to move away across the prairie, with the tottery-legged calf jogging and bleating at its center and presently the wolves would slip away into the night.

Like all wild creatures, the bison had many an enemy other than predatory animals. There were the blizzards, for instance, and quicksands and the roaring prairie fires. Henry, in his journal of 1804, records having made a day's ride through recently burned countryside and having seen "an incredible number of dead and dying, blind, lame, singed, and roasted buffalo." Nearly the whole of the tremendous bison herd that went north in the latter winter of 1870-71 is thought to have perished in the howling snowstorms that swept

across the plains that Spring. Each year when the river ice began to thaw, bison broke through and were drowned by hundreds of thousands, one frontiersman having counted in a day the bodies of 7360 bison drowned and mired along one river-edge. Flood, thaw, fire, snow — all these took their toll, as did the Indian huntsmen. But still the bison persisted in their lusty, bellowing myriads, for the natural agency of the elements exercised no more than the normal thinning and stabilizing effect that operates among all wild creatures and the bison hunting of the Indians was limited to their simple needs for food and for hide wherewith to make wigwams, moccasins and shields. The Indian's hunting of the bison, as of other animals, was ever restrained by his conception of hunting as a kind of sacred privilege, laying religious obligations of moderateness upon the hunter.

Aboriginally, the wild bison are calculated to have numbered some sixty million. In 1850, there survived at least one-third as many and by rough census in 1870 there were still no fewer than five million. But by 1895, there was a remnant, incredibly, of probably not a thousand. In the few short, gluttonous decades of the opening and ex-

plotation of the west, there had taken place such slaughter as is scarcely imaginable. In two typical years from 1872 to 1874, 4,500,000 bison were slaughtered for their hides. Hundreds of thousands more were butchered every year for the sport of it and the great bodies left to lie where they fell. Bison beyond counting were shot, for entertainment, by bored travelers upon the western railroads. In less

than the span of a human lifetime, the "bull roaring" that had made the summer nights thunderous on the prairie was silenced, the spectacle of the great plunging herds moving in wild freedom across the American plains was obliterated forever. The bison — proud, wolf-fighting, great-thewed, thunder-hoofed, symbol of a primal continent — was made into a park pet and a design upon a coin.

SUMMER MEMORY

AS FAR as the sun's hot eye can see,
The honied wind falls silently.
The shed of an abandoned farm
Is powdering in brittle calm;
A one-horse carriage finds decay
More violent with every day.

The trees in over-green despair
Groan with a weight they cannot bear;
The bucket in the well is white
And crystalline with thirst and light,
While on the farmhouse porch a deer
Conquers a hundred-year-old fear.

—CHARLES A. WAGNER

THE LIBRARY

The Long Dream of Thomas Wolfe

BY JOHN TEBBEL

THOSE of us who knew and loved Thomas Wolfe only through the books he wrote have been able to understand him solely by instinct. We have had little illumination from the friends who watched his work and worked with him. Consequently, the long "note" by Edward C. Aswell at the end of *The Hills Beyond*¹ is really more important than the tag-ends of Wolfe manuscript which comprise the book itself because Aswell, who was Tom's last editor, answers many of the questions which Wolfe left hanging when he died in September 1938.

It is now clear that the gangling North Carolina boy studying at Harvard in 1922 had already envisioned as a whole the vast saga which he was to work at continuously in his too-brief lifetime. This "book," as he always called it, was a complete entity in his mind before he began to write it. The mechanical fact that it ultimately

appeared as four long novels, a tale of more than four thousand printed pages, was immaterial to him. He knew what he wanted to write and worked hard at it.

Wolfe, says Aswell, wrote whatever part of the saga it moved him on any particular day to undertake. He wrote scenes several different ways. He rewrote until he had pinned down what he knew was true and right, which dispels the popular illusion that Wolfe poured out millions of words without revision. And he saved everything he wrote, dumping it into two big packing cases. To put a Wolfe book together was a process of removing from these cases the sections of his work which would form the novel at hand, and then joining the sections. Amazingly, Aswell reports, these varied pieces, sometimes written years apart, went together like a jigsaw puzzle.

This explains the unevenness of his work; it explains why *The Web and the Rock* falls into two distinct

¹ \$2.50. Harper's.

halves, each in a different style. For Wolfe strove earnestly until he died to write even better than he did. At the end, he had achieved a true creativeness lacking in his earlier work; he had refined his style; he had found himself and was ready to do the greater things he most certainly would have done.

The stories in *The Hills Beyond*, extracted from the waist-high pile of manuscript Wolfe left behind him, are excellent illustrations for Aswell's valuable critical commentary. "The Lost Boy," first story in the book, is a fine piece which deals, on four separate levels, with the death of Tom's brother Grover in St. Louis, an incident touched briefly in *Look Homeward, Angel*. "Chickamauga" is a first-person Civil War reminiscence by one of Eugene Gant's Pentland relatives, hitherto un-introduced, and it is, as Aswell says, one of the best stories Wolfe ever wrote.

There are other essays and stories of unequal merit in the book, including the magnificent essay on loneliness called "God's Lonely Man" which was published in *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* under another title. The name piece comprises the major part of the book and perhaps the best part because

it indicates the kind of thing Wolfe would have been able to produce had he lived. Written near the end of his life, it is a story told with a comparative economy of words, an objective simplicity which is quite remote from his earlier lyricism. Some readers, of whom I am one, will prefer Wolfe as poet, but it is undeniable that this final style of his has a solid drive to it which displays unsuspected objective power. Furthermore, as Aswell says, it is a work of pure imagination. It answers forever those critics who claim that Wolfe would have nothing to say once he had finished with himself and his family.

Aswell frequently compares Wolfe to James Joyce but it is possible to find an even closer resemblance to Marcel Proust. Wolfe had Proust's virtually unlimited capacity for observation and the "feel" of things, and a similar tremendous power of recall. But he had something else that Proust partly lacked: a feeling of brotherhood with the people he wrote about which gives to his books a fine-textured humanity.

Thomas Wolfe despised the critical minds who hail every new writer as an equal of Tolstoi, Balzac, or any one of the established immortals. He expounds this idea

with an acid sharpness in "Portrait of a Literary Critic," which also first appeared in *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*. Nevertheless, on the basis of his lifetime's work, now complete in this present volume, I think it is no exaggeration to say that Wolfe will certainly be recorded as one of the great American writers and may well occupy a prominent place in the history of world literature. He possessed the realism of the realists, the poetry of the poets and his genius encompassed the individual talents of all his gifted contemporaries. He stands above these lesser writers as the blue hills rise timeless and lonely over his native city.



Three Books on Germany

BY

PRINCE HUBERTUS ZU LOEWENSTEIN

Two books by young Americans, Ernest R. Pope and William Russell, and one by a German, Fritz Thyssen, have just been published on the Nazi enigma. The first two would never have been written had not the author of the third paid Hitler into power.

I Paid Hitler,² by Fritz Thyssen, is a revealing book. While German workers, burghers and intellectuals

stood by the Republic and believed it secure, while Parliament and the electorate still had clear Republican majorities, betrayal set in from above. That Fritz Thyssen, the Rhenish industrialist, regretted at the end of his life that he paid Hitler will not bring back the millions of dead for whom he, more than any other man, is responsible. What he regrets was not that he destroyed the Weimar Republic and brought misery to Germany and the world, but that the man he paid turned out to have ideas of his own. Had the Nazis crushed only the democratic Constitution, the Republican parties and social legislation, instead of putting heavy industry under State control, he would still be their ardent supporter.

The utter lack of political understanding in his circles is perhaps the most astonishing revelation of this book. Because he believed that some day there might arise a Communist danger, then a most improbable event as all students of contemporary Germany agree, Fritz Thyssen, allegedly a good Catholic, threw the tremendous power he possessed behind the gang leader from Braunau-on-the-Inn.

The book is valuable for the many items of inside information it contains. The almost unbelieva-

² \$2.75. Farrar and Rinehart.

ble graft system, the complete subordination of State funds and public economy under the interests of the Nazi party and its chiefs, the horror of the Jewish persecutions, the brave fight of the Catholics, all this is authoritatively described by one who ought to know. But when he writes as a historian describing developments since the first World War, the picture is grossly distorted. The historical notes at the end of the book are too inaccurate to remedy this.

In conclusion, Thyssen advocates the partition of Germany, "as the German people are immature for democracy." This sounds strange from a man who found it necessary to pay Hitler to destroy German democracy.

Munich Playground,³ by Ernest R. Pope, though it does not add new political details to the familiar picture of European betrayals and international intrigues, will do much good in dispelling the myth of Nazi austerity, purity and rejuvenation. To the reader, the book will be convincing proof that Hitler's *Mein Kampf* should be translated as *Germany — My Racket*. With considerable humor, Mr. Pope depicts the Munich background of that international witches'

sabbath where foreign statesmen and hunters of all kinds of game met, some of them to appease, others merely to be entertained at the mass orgies of the rabiate *petit bourgeois* Hitler, now acting as Dionysos Unchained.

For a German, this book makes painful reading: the enforced prostitution of youth and womanhood in the effort to impress foreigners and to please the party bosses and functionaries will fill him with deep shame. Yet all this belongs to modern history and must be known in order to understand the full meaning of Nazi depravity. Hitler in the pose of *Napoleomissimo* is revolting enough; Hitler merry-making, the orgiastic Hitler of Ernest Pope's account, is worse. Hitler is not "Wagnerian," as popular newspaper writers have been telling us. He draws his inspirations not from Brünnhilde or Isolde, but from a strip-tease version of Léhar's *Merry Widow*. The fantastic corruption in the administration of a country which was known for its uncorruptibility is dispassionately described and well documented. In the muddy atmosphere of Nazified Bavaria, the saintly figure of Cardinal Archbishop Faulhaber of Munich stands out as the one tower of strength, freedom and clarity.

³ \$2.75. Putnam's.

Munich Playground is the only comprehensive account coming from Southern Germany since the outbreak of the war. It clearly shows that there is no enthusiasm for the war, even in the "cradle" of the National Socialist party. After Hitler's fall, I should like to see this book widely distributed in Germany, as nothing could be better suited to dispel whatever sentimentality might remain for the "self-sacrificing" Nazi leaders.

Having taught at the University of Mississippi myself, I was especially delighted to see the excellent book *Berlin Embassy*⁴ by William Russell, an "Ole Miss" graduate. It is one of the fairest and most lively accounts of Germany under Nazism which has been written. Because of his official position at the American Embassy, Mr. Russell was able to meet all sorts of people and gathered a great number of significant anecdotes.

There is a dramatic story about October 10, 1939, when all Berlin believed that peace had come. There was true happiness then, not the staged enthusiasm of Nazi celebrations. "They had not smiled on the street when Germany conquered Czechoslovakia bloodlessly;

the fall of Warsaw had not caused such a general good humor." Practically everyone in Germany listens to the forbidden foreign broadcasts; even the wounded in the hospitals find ways and means to do it. Nobody believes a word of what Goebbels says; "the damned liar," as he is generally called, is the best-hated man in Germany.

Few foreigners have been able to convey the atmosphere of Germany as well as Mr. Russell. In spite of hunger and cold, empty shops and long breadlines, I got homesick as I read this book and envied the people who, like old Heini, the newsdealer, are waiting for the revolution at home. The volume bears vivid testimony to the truth of the word of the seventeen-year-old boy who wrote to Mr. Russell: "The Nazis have not quenched man's thirst for freedom, which is one of the most powerful thirsts the modern age has produced."



A Novel on Inter-marriage

BY CHARLES ANGOFF

The problem of intermarriage presents excellent material for the fiction writer, but so far in the United States it has not produced a

⁴ \$2.50. Dutton.

single work that grapples with it honestly and in mature fashion. Robert Gessner's attempt in *Here Is My Home*,⁵ unfortunately, offers no contribution to an understanding of the psychological, cultural, and spiritual difficulties involved.

The story he has to tell is simple enough. Bernard Straus, a young Jewish immigrant from Germany, finds little of Paradise in the streets of New York and goes out West to a pioneer lumbering town, where his widowed mother Rachel runs a general store. There he meets Mary Louise Bolitho, the beautiful young daughter of the town's leading lumberman. They fall in love, are married, and become the parents of three children, two boys and a girl. Mary Louise and Bernard contend with the anti-Semitism not only of the lumberjacks and the small businessmen, but also of Mary's father, who never forgives his daughter for marrying a Jew. The town editor and a local Catholic priest side with Mary Louise and Bernard and in the end democracy, tolerance, and Americanism win. The time covered is roughly 1885-1920.

Mr. Gessner's fervent belief in the Americanism of Lincoln and Jefferson merits commendation, but it takes a great deal more than

that to write a novel about inter-marriage. Mr. Gessner doesn't even state the problem correctly. He evades it and thus his whole effort is futile. Mary Louise was born a Christian, but even as a girl she had a strong attachment to Jews and Jewish history, and entertained dreams of becoming another Esther. Her father, true enough, objects to her marriage to the point of apoplexy, but he leaves her forever. Her mother is dead and apparently Mary has no aunts, cousins, or any other relatives to remind her, as relatives can, of her "mistake." She is probably the only woman character in American fiction without at least a cousin.

As for Bernard, his father is dead and his mother dies shortly after his children are born. His few relatives, if we are to believe Mr. Gessner, barely say a word about his marriage out of the fold. Further, Bernard seems to care so little for his Jewish heritage that he forgets to confirm his two boys when they reach the age of thirteen. Mary Louise herself gives him no trouble whatever, for she is in spirit more of a Jew than he is, and proud of being a mother in Israel. When her children are baited by their Gentile friends, she gladly accepts it as another oppor-

⁵ \$2.75. *Alliance*.

tunity to be like Esther of Biblical times.

In other words, the intermarriage between Bernard and Mary Louise might, in the main, just as well have been a marriage between two Jews and Mr. Gessner wastes 433 pages in writing about something completely different from what was originally in his mind. Perhaps that explains in part why not one of his characters has any more life than the portrait of a Sears, Roebuck model.



FICTION

UNLESS THE WIND TURNS, by Mildred Walker. \$2.00. *Harcourt, Brace*. John Davis, Montana born and bred, brings his cold Eastern wife back to the scene of his childhood for a vacation and to see if he can't turn their marriage into a real living relationship. She fails to understand his motives and brings along with them another couple and a refugee doctor. The perils of a forest fire strips the veneer from them all. A good evening's entertainment.

MRS. DORATT, by John Erskine. \$2.00. *Stokes*. An anemic little novel about an extraordinary woman whom John Erskine, the lecturer, meets on a tour. Mystery surrounds Mrs. Doratt and not even her friends know the truth. Coincidence plays into the author's hands and he is able to dispel part of the fog. In Somerset Maugham's hands this would

have made a fascinating short story; in Mr. Erskine's, the plot falls flat on its face.

THE CAREER OF PHILIP HAZEN, by John Harriman. \$2.50. *Howell, Soskin*. All is not pie in the life of the rich men of Wall Street and Newport today — the old-fashioned stockbroker is through and those who quit in time can hold onto their ideals and have vision.

ON TROUBLESOME CREEK, by James Still. \$2.50. *Viking*. Sensitively and amusingly written short stories of life in the Kentucky Hills. Recommended.

GHOSTWATER, by Eden Phillpotts. \$2.00. *Macmillan*. Slow-moving but highly literate whodunit of two murders in the Devon Hills. One of the best from this prolific author's pen.

THE G-STRING MURDERS, by Gypsy Rose Lee. \$2.00. *Simon and Shuster*. An amusing, frank tale of life backstage in a burlesque theatre with the author taking a prominent role in the hair-pulling and love life goings on. As a mystery story it is somewhat sketchy and real fans who like a good puzzle won't care for it.

NON-FICTION

FAUST, by Johann von Goethe. \$5.00. *Knopf*. This is a new edition of the unexampled translation first published in 1932 by George Madison Priest, Professor of German Literature at Princeton. Professor Priest has further refined his work, revised his introduction and bibliography and written a new preface. In every way, a fine edition.

THE MAN ON MY BACK, by Eric Linklater. \$3.00. *Macmillan*. Linklater's fascinating life began in the Orkney Islands, survived the first World War, began to flower in the editor's office of an Indian newspaper, and twisted by tortuous routes until the ultimate product, a writing man, was realized. The author tells the story of how he became a writing man and the telling is, in itself, a job of craftsmanship.

LADY SOURDOUGH, by Frances Ella Fitz, as told to Jerome Odlum. \$3.00. *Macmillan*. Armed with a typewriter which was as rare in 1900 as a virtuous lady adventurer in Alaska at that time, Fizzy, as Miss Fitz was known to her intimates (and one can't help wondering how intimate in very intimate situations, for no breath of a suspicion of impropriety enters into this autobiography of the comely and charming maiden lured by the Alaskan gold rush to forsake the comforts of New York and civilization) sinks and swims, does and dares, to win a fortune.

NEWSPAPER DAYS, by H. L. Mencken. \$3.00. *Knopf*. This second volume of the Mencken reminiscences (*Happy Days* was the first) will have a special appeal for two different audiences. People who contemplate with a loving nostalgia those brave days of journalism before newspapers became big business are certain to revel in the re-created sights and sounds of the Baltimore *Morning Herald* between the years of 1899 to 1906. Another section of the citizenry is certain to enjoy the book for its mellowed, inimitable Menckanian flavor. Any reader, if he has no other excuse, will find it absorbing simply because the reading of it is a sheer delight.

JOSEPH PULITZER AND HIS WORLD, by James Wyman Barrett. \$3.50. *Vanguard*. Here in new detail is the story of an authentically great man and the printed reflection of his brilliant, uncompromising mind. Barrett, the *World's* last city editor, writes of Joseph Pulitzer and the newspaper he made with an insight and perspective worthy of the *World* tradition. This story of a publisher who believed truth to be the most important thing in the world could be read with profit by some of his successors in the profession.

MURDER OUT YONDER, by Stewart H. Holbrook. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. As a historian of American shenanigans, Mr. Holbrook is already admired for his rollicking lumberjacks and humanized portraits of notables. Here he turns to some fantastic deeds of violence for

which the American backwoods is celebrated and dredges up some authentic rural crimes from the annals of Oregon, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, Ohio, Vermont, Maine and other sturdy outposts. A "must" for crime story addicts.

ALFRED I. DUPONT. The Family Rebel, by Marquis James. \$4.50. *Bobbs-Merrill*. The DuPont family was for years divided into two camps: Alfred and the others. It was a fairly accurate division in almost all respects, for Alfred did differ sharply from his relatives. He liked to do things rather than to make money, he loved and wrote music, was very fond of children and dogs, enjoyed the respect and admiration of his workmen and looked favorably upon much of the New Deal. Throughout the entire span of his years, 1864-1935, he was easily the most interesting and most popular of all the DuPonts. The amount of research Mr. James has put into his biography is staggering, and he presents it in very readable fashion and apparently with every attempt to be objective.

PIERRE LAVAL, by Henry Torrès. \$2.50. *Oxford*. France's great international lawyer has here prepared a passionate indictment of his fascistic countryman, addressed to a world jury of all people who love freedom and wish to judge how and by whom it is betrayed. Torrès could not be more eloquent in his telling, from the inside, of the tale of corruption and infamy which is Laval's life story. Moreover, the unique biography is thoroughly documented. And it reads with the emotional intensity of fiction. Torrès has done a real service to those who want to understand France's plight.

CENSORSHIP 1917, by James R. Mock. \$2.50. *Princeton University Press*. Arriving on the market at a most opportune time, this thorough examination of censorship in the last war flashes a red light for this one. It warns of the manner in which necessary emergency powers may be prolonged by fascistic pressure groups and individuals when the emergency is over.

THE OPEN FORUM

CATHOLICS AND THE NAZIS

SIR: Many Catholics who know history must have read with interest but disappointment the article . . . by Professor Theodore Maynard, entitled "Catholics and the Nazis." Professor Maynard is a convert to Catholicism and therefore he bends so far backward in saying what he thinks will please the Vatican that he strays from the truth and from realism when he treats on the position of the Catholic Church in Italy. Catholics in the United States may not like fascist Italy, even though, if they be Irish, they may dislike Britain even more. But Catholics in Italy, particularly the priests and prelates, know how the Church has benefited in Italy in a manner never contemplated by previous governments of that country.

. . . There is no doubt that the President and his Catholic friends in the United States have been using every means to secure the support of the Pope for aid to Russia. As in the past, the attitude of the Vatican will be dictated solely by the interests of the Vatican and its many millions of Catholic faithful. In coming to a decision, however, the Pope is not apt to forget his obligations to Italy under the Lateran Pact of 1929. . . .

Whether the President and his associates, the British, like it or not, the fascist government is still in power in Italy, and its military forces are reinforced by the German forces. It is difficult for us to say just how far the Germans have gone in Italy to dominate the political field but there is no doubt that the extreme members of the fascist group, like Roberto Farinacci, would never tolerate any action on the part of the Vatican that would constitute a violation of any provision of the Lateran Pact. Although I am a Catholic, I know that the fascists would not hesitate in an extremity to invade the Vatican terri-

tory, seize the government, imprison the Pope and the College of Cardinals, confiscate the art treasures and sell them wherever they could to provide funds for war purposes. Naturally the whole world, particularly the Catholic world, would rebel at such an act on the part of the fascists, but infuriated and desperate people will adopt desperate means under such circumstances.

If the President and his British associates wish to precipitate such a debacle, the easiest way to do it is to try and persuade the Vatican to make a "deal" in connection with Russia which might be entirely upset by a German victory. While it would be in the interest of the Vatican to insure guarantees of religious liberty in Russia, the Vatican could not enforce the provisions of any such contract if it were to be violated. Apart from restoration of religious liberty in Russia, the Vatican should likewise demand reparation for Church property destroyed in Russia as well as for the lives of Catholic priests who were murdered during and after the Revolution.

As the Vatican has always adopted a realistic attitude, one that is always in its own interest, there is no likelihood that Pope Pius XII will be misled by any promises made by the head of any government unless such promises are accompanied by the actual contract of the British Parliament and of the American Congress. . . .

LUIGI CRISCUOLO

(Grand Officer of the Order of the Holy Sepulchre, Vatican.)

New York City



SIR: The article by Mr. Maynard on Catholicism and fascism is a specimen of timely and informative journalism calculated to have a salutary general effect. I agree with most of

what the distinguished author has to say. But I disagree as well. In disagreeing, however, I feel it absolutely necessary to state that, though a non-Catholic, I regard Catholicism as a great and wonderful religion. . . .

. . . The overwhelming number of the world's Catholics live in, and are members of, countries that are either anti-democratic or anti-parliamentary. Now, since the avowed and conscious effort of the Church is international, is it not clear that the weight of the Church's efforts must, by the nature of human activity, be on the side of the anti-democratic powers? It is said that the Church does not take sides in political questions. In this world struggle, the Church does not need to take sides to be felt, for the very obvious and clear reason that most of its members and most of its leaders are themselves actual citizens of non-democratic nations. As governments and institutions function, it is correct historical and scientific method to conclude what is really even observable: the grand world strategy of the Church is more harmful than beneficial to democracy in its present struggle. If democracy had to derive much from this strategy, there would indeed be no hope. This will appear in bolder relief as any British attacks on Italy proper increase.

C. M. SELLE

*Pleasantville,
New York*

SIR. . . . Mr. Maynard omits entirely one very important distinction. There is a great difference between the political ideals of the "rank-and-file" Catholics who constitute 95 per cent of the church membership and the 5 per cent which make up (largely, but not altogether) the clergy and their satellites. This articulate (sometimes vociferous) 5 per cent finds "so much good in dictatorships" when the dictator "favors the Church." From a clerical standpoint, such a government would be splendid: the clergy would preach submission and sacrifice to the common people, in return for financial support through taxation; women would be relegated to the same "place" in the business, economic, literary,

scientific, and educational fields as they have in the ecclesiastical scheme; church and state would work hand in hand so that the tiny minority would have all the privileges and the majority all the burdens.

What should be emphasized is this: the more-or-less fascist-Nazi Catholics are a very small minority. The rank-and-file Catholics who make up 95 per cent of the membership have no use for dictatorships of even the Salazar variety. They realize that, with all its faults and shortcomings, our American way of life has been a means of providing a greater share of the good things of life for the common man and woman than any other yet devised. The unfortunate thing is that this 95 per cent is inarticulate. There is no way for them to make their influence felt under Catholic direction; and opportunities for expressing the ideas of Catholics under secular auspices and in secular publications are necessarily limited.

NORMA E. SOLMON

*Spokane,
Washington*



THE DEEP SOUTH SPEAKS

SIR: Something bothers me. Are you editors up north more naive than we hillbillies? This business of getting so many letters approving the Ward abortion article: don't you ever become suspicious of bulk?

Of course in a country like this, we know everybody and his great grandpappy. And we've discovered that a man of the so-called better type has to be very, very wrought up before he writes the editor. The little white trash squirts load our mail. . . .

It may take ten years for common sense and a sense of humor to start governing discussion of abortion and artificial birth control, but come that day, you'll then be printing nice articles called "America Repeats France's Moral Mistakes" or "You Can't Have Your Cake And Eat It Too". . . .

Also who says now that the morals of America aren't shot to hell?

The thing that worries me about you edi-

(Continued on page 765)

RECORDED MUSIC

Tschaikowsky's Name Leads All the Rest

AS LISTENERS of catholic taste are well aware, Tschaikowsky has maintained himself on the popular song hit parade for more than two years, a feat roughly comparable to the success of "Yes, We Have No Bananas." Some people are disturbed by what they term the desecration of the composer's music, while the intellectuals are inclined to sniff it about that Tschaikowsky was no better than a writer of pretty tunes and the current trend is proof of it.

At any rate, this peculiarly American phenomenon has had two salutary effects. It has made a large class of people conscious of Tschaikowsky for the first time — a class which can scarcely pronounce the man's name, much less listen to his music in concert halls. Secondly, it has stimulated the record companies to provide new and better waxings of standard Tschaikowsky works. This month we have three such versions: Artur Rodzinski and the Cleveland Orchestra in a much-needed performance of *Romeo and Juliet* (Columbia, M-478, \$3.50), better known as "Our Love"; Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra in a truly magnificent reading of the *Fifth Symphony*, also known as "Moon Love" (Victor, M-828, \$5.50); and a special release, dashed off at white heat, of the *B flat piano concerto*, superlatively done by Arturo Toscanini and the NBC Orchestra, with Vladimir Horowitz as soloist (Victor, M-800, \$4.50). This will be recognized instantly as "Tonight We Love."

Other than Tschaikowsky, the month's offerings appear to be concentrated on specials. Mozart's comic opera, *Così fan tutte*, which has been enjoying revived popularity, is available in three albums (Victor, M-812 and M-813, \$7.50 each; and M-814, \$6.50),

recorded in England at an actual performance by the Glyndebourne Festival Opera Company. Fritz Busch is the conductor and the set is outstanding in every way. Of similar calibre and special interest is a two-volume set containing all of Bach's *The Art of Fugue*, (progressively elaborate studies in the form) played by E. Power Biggs on the baroque organ of Harvard's Germanic Museum (Victor, M-832, \$4.50, and M-833, \$6.50).

Columbia lists a version of Prokofiev's *Peter and the Wolf*, a product of pure delight as Leopold Stokowski and his Youth Orchestra do it, with Basil Rathbone as narrator (Columbia, M-477, \$3.50). Lily Pons does some of her loveliest work in arias from *Daughter of the Regiment* (Columbia, X-206, \$2.50). Then there is a good, solid version of Schumann's *Symphony No. 4*, by Frederick Stock and the Chicago Symphony (Columbia, M-475, \$3.50) and an ear-filling Columbia performance of Ferde Grofé's *Grand Canyon Suite* by Andre Kostelanetz and his orchestra. And one must not forget a recording of the seldom heard Kalinnikov *Symphony No. 1*, an excellent job by Fabien Sevitzky and the Indianapolis Symphony (Victor, M-827, \$4.50), and a double feature: Enesco's *Roumanian Rhapsodies Nos. 1 and 2*, the first by Ormandy and the Philadelphians, the second by the National Symphony under Hans Kindler (Victor, M-830, \$2.50).

Perhaps the most special recording of all this month is Charles Dickens' "A Christmas Carol," adapted for records, produced and narrated by Ernest Chappell, with music directed by Lew White, and Eustace Wyatt as Scrooge (Victor, G-29, \$3.50).

— JOHN TEBBES

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tors, though, is that you are driven by propaganda instead of controlling it. You bite for all the gags. For instance, did you ever sit down and think about abortion and birth prevention, or your own gratefulness to have been given life? Or the old, old law that greed and self-indulgence won't make a civilization? If you're running a magazine just to make money, I know a lot better way to make lots more. The old editors I knew had ideals. My father starved his own family to fight the Klan here and I thank him for it. What's happening to you fellows? Feeding poor dumb readers poison like that. Sure, they eat it up.

But the *Reader's Digest* lost one subscriber I know of for having reprinted the article. They won't get a letter about it. They just won't get a renewal. But if they print an article asking for easier and happier methods of murdering adults, they'll also get lots of nice congratulatory letters.

ELIZABETH BURROW

Ozark,
Arkansas

(The Editors welcome further letters on the general topic, "Are Northern editors more naive than hillbillies?" The letters need not be of a regional character.)



A DOCTOR LOOKS AT BIRTH CONTROL

SIR: It was with remarkable satisfaction that I read your article, "Don't Have An Abortion". . . . As a practicing internist, I necessarily must frequently attend girls and women who are undesirably pregnant. The situation always is a complicated one and almost always is fraught with intensely serious sociological and psychological harassment. As a technically educated, but nonetheless public-spirited, citizen of the community, I never fail to regret the situations these persons report or to resent the miserable background of psychosexual ignorance which reigns almost unabated in our present society.

The article has brought much worry to

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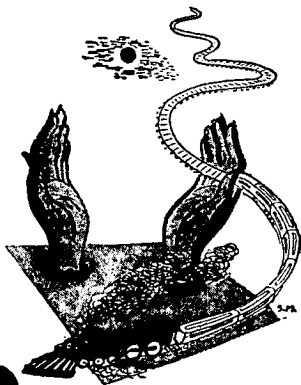
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(Continued from page 765)

many of these patients inasmuch as it emphasized the numerous tragedies brought on by abortion but failed to emphasize the innumerable abortions performed each day without complications arising.

The most important element of the article is the emphasis upon the social necessity for the promotion of a widespread, technically competent program of birth control service. This I consider an intelligent service on the part of Miss Ward and of your magazine.

Finally, it seems to me, even more important than these services is the establishment in our communities of forward-looking agencies for the promulgation of a widespread, rational and wholesome education for the community in the field of sex knowledge and family relations. It should, then, be feasible to publish straightforward and sensible articles in this field also.

R. F. RYPINS, M.D.

*San Francisco,
California*



BOUQUET FOR NATHAN

DEAR MR. NATHAN: This is the first fan letter that I ever wrote in my life, but I do want to thank you for your "Ivory Towers To Let" in the October MERCURY. The furthest I have got toward drama was the galleries of the Comedie-Francaise and the Odeon on many an afternoon, and a subject for a play which I don't know how to write. But it happened that I saw France Fall, and have been thinking in idle moments of trying to get my diary published. I might have hurried myself into a kind of journalism which I couldn't even have committed well. On the strength of your article, proving that there is at least one man of artistic integrity in America, I will try to seize the permanent aspects, and that will be a more laudable sort of failure. I grew up on you and Mr. Mencken in the old days. Your October article was like a homecoming.

WARREN RAMSEY

*Spokane,
Washington*

INFORMATION, PLEASE

SIR: As a citizen whose ancestors came from England three hundred years ago, I would like to ask a question that is not "pro" anything but American. This war will be over sometime and we will still be living in a world inhibited by different nations. It seems to me that not only the Mercury but many publications and radio speakers are building up a beautiful collection of hates that is going to make life rather difficult for a long time. Is it necessary to do this in order to get people to do what they believe to be right? I would really like a reasoned — not an emotional — answer.

CHARLES W. BOWMAN

Philadelphia,
Pennsylvania

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

The American Mercury, published monthly at Concord, N. H., for October 1, 1941.

City of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Joseph W. Ferman, who, having duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that the Business Manager of *The American Mercury* and the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, and of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 1103 of the Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

That the names and addresses of the publisher, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Lawrence E. Spivak, 570 Lexington Ave., New York; Editor, Eugene Lyons, 570 Lexington Ave., New York; Managing Editor, John Tebbel, 570 Lexington Ave., New York; Business Manager, Joseph W. Ferman, 570 Lexington Ave., New York.

That the owners are: The American Mercury, Inc., Lawrence E. Spivak, 570 Lexington Ave., N. Y.; Joseph Ferman, 570 Lexington Ave., N. Y.; Eugene Lyons, Lexington Ave., N. Y.; Mildred Falk, 570 Lexington Ave., N. Y.

That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of 1 amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are:

That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, partnership, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as stated by him.

J. W. Ferman, Business Manager,
 sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of
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 [My commission expires March 30, 1943.]

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